Vol 7 The War Illustrated N° 168

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE NOVEMBER 26, 1943

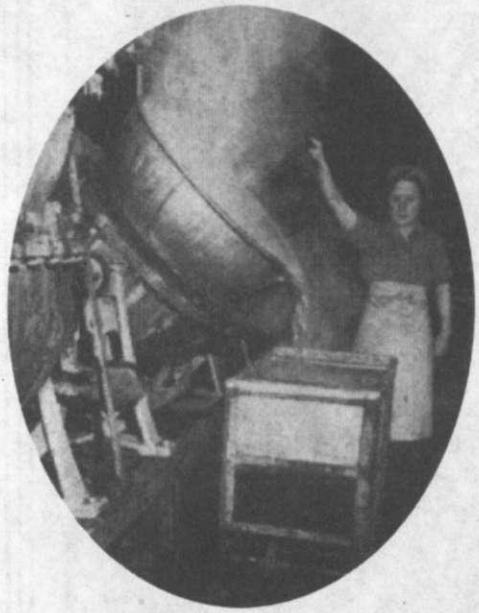
CHEERFUL TANK DESTROYER OF THE RED ARMY, seated in one of his captures, is Senior Lieut. Savikov, commander of a company of anti-tank riflemen who have a highly creditable record of destruction of enemy armour, including formidable 60-ton Mark VI Tigers. Savikov is one of the men who have made possible the historic Russian counter-offensive which, beginning on July 13, 1943, had by November 14 taken the Red Army into the Dnieper Bend and the Crimea, and well beyond Kiev. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

NO. 169 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

Our Roving Camera Reviews the Food Front

BACK TO THE FARM, the bumper potato harvest gathered in, go land-girls and troops of Eastern Command who responded to a Ministry of Agriculture appeal for volunteers in view of the great shortage of farm labour.

BOTTLING FRUIT at a Maidenhead, Berks, factory these girls of the A.T.S. volunteered their services for this essential job. Working from 7.30 to 10 each night, they were remunerated with 4s. 6d. and their supper—earning more in their spare time than they get for a week's hard work at the depot.



FROM CAULDRON TO TROLLY (left), and from trolly to jars, go thousands of tons of jam each year at this factory, mainly for issue to the Forces.

(Above) Dehydrated cabbage is Canada's latest contribution to Britain's wartime larder; here cabbages are in the shredded state prior to the dehydration process. Great value of dehydration is that it enables much shipping space to be saved.

'ONE WON'T BE MISSED!'—not when you are helping to move 10 tons of freshly lifted, juicy carrots to the canning factory, like this aproned and booted girl (above).

(Left) Experts demonstrated ways of decontaminating "gassed" food before 800 specialists from Britain, the Dominions and the U.S. at Hurlingham Polo Ground on October 31, 1943.

Photos, British Official, Daily Mirror, L.N.A.

THE BATTLE FRONTS

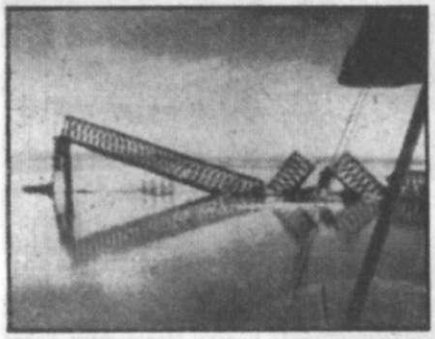
by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHEN I last discussed the situation on the Russian front the Germans had just completed their withdrawal behind the middle Dnieper and had established a strong defensive position east of the lower Dnieper, running from the bend of the river at Zaporozhe through Melitopol to the western shores of the Sea of Azov. This latter sector provided a shorter front and covered exits from the Crimea, from which, however, there were no signs of withdrawal.

It was not, therefore, merely a rearguard position but one intended to be held indefinitely. It was still a matter of speculation whether the Germans meant to stand on the Dnieper and on the Melitopol position for the winter, or whether they proposed only to hold the line as an intermediate position to cover a deliberate withdrawal at a time when mud or snow would check Russian pursuit. It is still impossible to be certain which course the Germans intended to take; but it seems probable that it was the former, in order to retain the Crimea, the abandonment of which would increase Rumania's alarm and give the Russians valuable air and naval bases.

They certainly had no intention of continuing their retreat immediately, and in particular had fortified the Melitopol line elaborately and were holding it in force. Personally, though I did not expect that the Germans would have much difficulty in holding the river line as an intermediate position, I doubted if it would be a sound position on which to meet a winter offensive.

It seemed hardly possible that, before the river froze, the Russians would be able to cross it and establish a bridgehead large enough to permit the deployment of a strong force, especially in view of the distance they had advanced from their original base, their lack of good communications and exhaustion caused by their previous exertions. It seemed probable that they would be satisfied to gain the east bank of the river and reorganize and rest their armies before renewing the offensive in the winter.



DNEPROPETROVSK Railway Bridge, spanning the Dnieper river, was demolished by the Germans in their headlong flight from the great industrial centre which was retaken by the Russians on October 25, 1943.
Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

In the meantime, they might be expected with their usual enterprise to secure minor footholds across the river at favourable points, and also to make a determined attack on the Melitopol position if autumn rain did not make conditions too difficult. Remembering, however, how often the Russians had achieved the unexpected I ended my article by suggesting that they might not allow the Germans choice of policy. Again they have exceeded all expectations.

Almost at once they secured footings across the Dnieper, including one at Kremenchug, though not on a scale that alarmed the Germans. Then, after the shortest of pauses, the general offensive was renewed. The Kuban was finally cleared, the Melitopol line was attacked in strength; a footing was obtained in that town, and Zaporozhe, the northern bastion of the line, captured. It seemed at first as if Kiev might be the main objective, for bridgeheads from which vigorous attacks were made were established north and south of the town. On the upper Dnieper there were heavy attacks too, and in the Veliki Luki region Nevel, which had often resisted attack, was captured. Only on the middle Dnieper, between Kiev and Zaporozhe, was there no marked activity, and it looked as if in this sector the river was too formidable an obstacle to be attacked in strength. Kiev has fallen, with amazing results, but before that it became evident that Stalin's object was not the recapture of cities, however important, but decisive defeat of von Mannstein's southern armies.

KREMENCHUG Breakthrough a Complete Surprise

The attack on the Melitopol line was pressed relentlessly, and obviously if a breakthrough occurred there the Germans in the Crimea and those protecting its exits would have little chance of retreat without disaster. The Germans fought fiercely to hold the line, even bringing up field divisions from the Crimea as reinforcements. It was evidently no rear action but a real trial of strength. Then came the news of the breakthrough from the Kremenchug bridgehead.

THE surprise of the breakthrough was complete and its success immediate. The advance was rapid, and the main line of retreat for the troops about Dnepropetrovsk was cut. It was evident that the thrust was aimed at Krivoi Rog, the capture of which would have made the escape of the Germans within the Dnieper bend almost impossible.

The German situation had become critical in the extreme, but von Mannstein, acting with characteristic executive speed and skill, rushed all his available reserves to the danger point at Krivoi Rog. In that he was no doubt helped by the convergence of railways on this region. Naturally it was his reserves of armoured and motorized divisions that he concentrated most quickly, and it is probable that he withdrew some of those detailed for the defence of Dnepropetrovsk and neighbouring towns, trusting that the Russians would not be able to make further crossings of the Dnieper in face of the troops he had left to hold it. He may even have withdrawn some Panzer Divisions in the Melitopol line in view of the initial failure of the Russian attacks to make decisive progress.

The Russian thrust from Kremenchug had penetrated deeply but on a narrow front, and was certainly for a time exposed to counter-attack. No doubt von Mannstein intended to take advantage of the opportunity and to repeat, if possible, his successful counter-offensive manoeuvre of the preceding spring, which recaptured Kharkov. But this time he had not a compact body of reserves in readiness, and the situation was so serious that he was bound to counter-attack in a somewhat piecemeal fashion before his concentration was completed. The counter-attacks succeeded in so far as they brought the spearhead of the Russian drive to a standstill, but Russian reserves were used to widen the wedge and to protect its flanks.

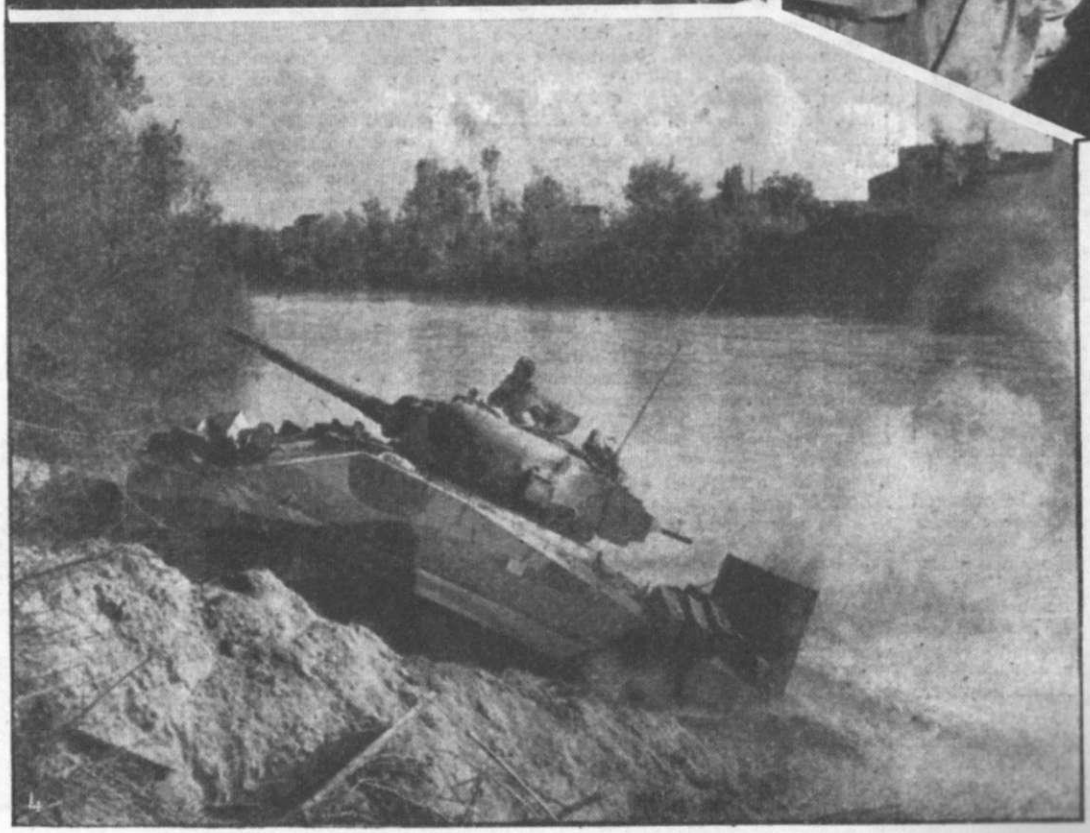
As reserves on both sides continued to arrive a prolonged and furious armoured battle developed around Krivoi Rog of much the same character as that in the Kursk salient in the summer. The Russian right flank was heavily threatened, but its defence was stubborn, both sides having heavy losses. At first the Germans claimed successes and spoke of a counter-offensive which would drive the Russians back across the river. Meantime, however, the Russian left was pushing steadily on towards the line of retreat from Dnepropetrovsk, and an astounding surprise crossing of the river overwhelmed the weakened garrison of the town.

RUSSIAN FRONT, November 4, 1943. The Red Army was advancing on three fronts: from Nevel to Gomel; round Kiev (which fell on November 6); and in the Dnieper bend.
Courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

WHETHER von Mannstein had had more ambitious hopes or not, the primary object of his counter-attacks was now to hold Krivoi Rog at all costs as a bastion protecting the whole German force in the Dnieper bend from encirclement. While this situation was developing on the west bank of the Dnieper the Russians broke through the Melitopol line, and by an amazingly swift blitzkrieg pursuit broke the 6th German Army into fragments and isolated the Crimea. The whole structure of the defence of von Mannstein's group of armies was shattered, and the one and only hope of saving them from even still worse disasters lay in the outcome of the Krivoi Rog battle.

Once again the Russians have out-fought the Germans, and, Marshals Stalin and Zhukov, by an astonishing display of the arts of generalship, have out-manoeuvred their opponents. The concealment of their intentions, the coordination of their various attacks, the speed with which preparations for attack were carried through, and the rapid exploitation of success were outstanding features of their achievements. The forcing of the Dnieper line and the destruction of the 6th Army are outstanding in military history.

Stiff Resistance Overcome in the Push to Rome

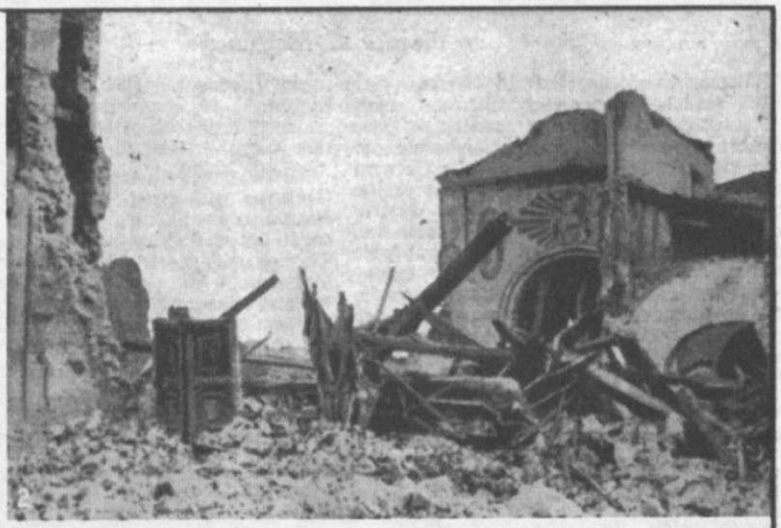


TWO ALLIED ARMIES in Italy, the 5th under General Clark and the 8th under General Montgomery, linked to effect the capture of Isernia (see map), central hinge of the German defence line, on November 4, 1943. The 5th had forged north from Naples through Aversa and across the Volturno river, its right flank pressing inwards to meet the left flank of the 8th, advancing northwards from Termoli to cross the Trigno river.

North of Termoli (1) a wrecked tank and a German's grave symbolize the stiff resistance overcome by Montgomery's men. Between Naples and Rome (2) the 5th were hampered by road destruction; here sappers are doing necessary repairs. Outside Aversa, capture of which was announced on October 6, an enemy prisoner-of-war camp was taken over; a final pocket-search (3) takes place before Nazi prisoners are dispatched to North Africa. At Grazzanise, on the Volturno, this Sherman tank (4), too heavy for our improvised bridges, found a crossing point where the water was shallow.

Photos, British Official. Map by courtesy of News Chronicle

Tragedy Stalks in the Wake of the Vanquished



WAR'S DESOLATION is tragically mirrored in these pictures of the Italian scene as the Germans fled before our armies. A Tragone urchin (1) sits on the doorstep of her shattered home, her wailing little sister on her knees; just behind them is the lifeless body of their mother, victim of the Nazis. At Baja e Latina, near Caserta, the church (2) was dynamited to block the road and thus gain time for the enemy in their withdrawal to the north.

Systematic demolition of bridges was also resorted to by the fleeing enemy to stem our advance; near Liberi (4) American trucks detoured by way of a creek bed. As the enemy passed on, wretched villagers, like these old folk of Raviscanina (3), returned to their humble dwellings, praying that even a few of their poor belongings would have survived; while more able-bodied civilians (5), like those of Piedmonte, cleaning up debris in a street, cooperated with our forces in restoring some semblance of order to the Nazis-produced chaos.

By November 11, 1943, the Allies had advanced as far as Cassino, some 70 miles from Rome. *Photos, U.S. Official*

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

THERE is evidence that the Germans are seeking desperately for any small success they can snatch at sea, capable of being distorted into the semblance of a victory for the benefit of the German public, whose discontent and dismay at the bad news accumulating from every quarter require assuaging. This is the explanation of the apparent renewal of activity in the English Channel and North Sea by enemy light forces, mostly craft of the motor torpedo-boat and motor gunboat types. These are commonly referred to, loosely and inaccurately, under the term "E-boats," a corruption of "enemy boats."

It was on the night of October 24-25, 1943, that these vessels made their most daring attempt to achieve an advantage. Some 30 of them, in separate divisions, concentrated at a point in the swept channel off the East coast, not far from Lowestoft. It was evidently their intention to surprise a coastal convoy; but fortunately our own forces, comprising destroyers and motor gunboats, were on the alert, and able to give the intruders a warm reception. Four German m.t.b.s were destroyed and six or seven received damage of a more or less serious character. We sustained no losses and but few casualties. Thus the raid completely failed in its object, the Germans being obliged to admit in their own broadcasts that some of their vessels had been sunk.

OUR own light craft visit enemy waters on the far side of the Channel and North Sea practically every night, and on occasions even go so far afield as the coast of Norway. To venture so far from a base is of course a hazardous operation; and on October 24 one of our m.g.b.s was so badly damaged in action with German aircraft off the Norwegian coast that she had to be sunk by our own forces. Her crew returned in a Norwegian consort, which had been standing by her. A number of enemy coasting steamers had been attacked in the course of this patrol, at least one of them being sunk.

In the small hours of November 3 the Germans again tried to intercept one of our coastal convoys, this time off the South coast, between Dungeness and Beachy Head. Though they were able to escape with less loss than in the previous encounter, two of the attacking craft were damaged and a third almost certainly sunk in action with a destroyer of the escort, H.M.S. Whitshed.

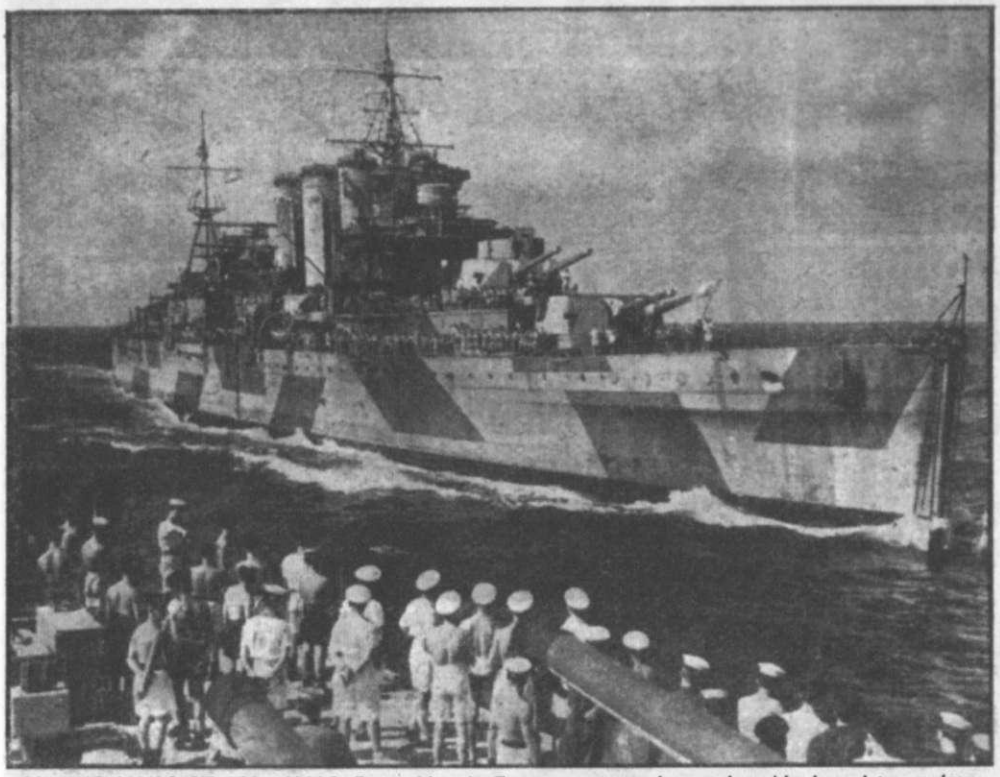
These minor engagements have been described in some detail, as the war in European waters seems to be degenerating into a series of small ship encounters, any occasional small gain in which is likely to be exaggerated by the enemy out of all proportion to its real significance. This is due to the elimination of the Italian fleet from the ranks of our foes, and the reduction of German strength in battleships and cruisers to a few scattered and mostly disabled units.

BY the time this article appears it is possible that the Soviet Black Sea Fleet may have been given an opportunity of striking a blow at the retreating Germans. With the cutting of all lines of retirement by land, the garrison of the Crimea, composed partly of German and partly of Rumanian troops, will be obliged to evacuate its positions by sea, the obvious route being from Sebastopol to Odessa or the Danube estuary. Provided the Russians are able to supply adequate air cover, their naval forces should be able to inflict severe losses on the enemy during their withdrawal.

In order to effect this evacuation, the Germans will need to collect every available ship capable of being used as a temporary transport. In the Rumanian and Bulgarian mercantile marines there were, before the war, about 50 vessels aggregating nearly 130,000 tons gross, all of which should be more or less suitable for the purpose, in view of the short distance to be covered. From Sebastopol to Odessa is 170 miles; to Sulina, at the mouth of the Danube, is a trifle less. In fine weather flat-bottomed barges from the Danube could be filled with troops and taken in tow; but weather in the Black Sea is notoriously fickle, gales springing up with little warning.

Novorossisk, 217 miles from Sebastopol, is the nearest Soviet naval base. Already ships from there have been active in covering the landing of Russian troops near Kerch, in the Eastern Crimea. Very little is known about the present strength of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, official information being practically nil. There were four or five cruisers originally, but one or two of these are suspected to have been lost. There is also an old battleship, the Pariskaya Kommuna, still useful for bombardment purposes, at least 20 destroyers, and a large number of m.t.b.s, motor launches and submarines. A small seaplane carrier is also believed to exist.

Such a force should be able to inflict heavy damage on evacuation craft, especially if well supported from the air. Against it the Germans can muster but a motley assemblage of warships of different nationalities. These comprise two or three Rumanian destroyers, a small number of motor torpedo-boats originally belonging to Rumania, Bulgaria and Italy, but now probably German-manned; three Rumanian submarines, believed to have been reinforced by others brought down the Danube from Germany; three gunboats, a minelayer, and sundry smaller craft of little fighting value belonging to the Rumanian and Bulgarian Navies. That the question of finding trained personnel for this heterogeneous armada is giving the enemy trouble there can be no doubt. Submarine losses have been a constant drain on Germany's naval personnel; the quality of Rumanian and Bulgarian naval officers and men cannot be expected to be high, and their enthusiasm for an obviously lost cause may well be questioned.



PASSING MAILS AT SEA. H.M.S. Devonshire, in Eastern waters, draws alongside her sister cruiser, H.M.S. Mauritius, to effect the exchange of eagerly-awaited letters from home. Over the fo'c'sle of the Devonshire flashes a rocket—here it looks like a flag—bearing the communicating line. Along this line, when made fast aboard the Mauritius, the bags of mail will be swung. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

WITH the publication of the joint Anglo-American announcement on November 10, it became plain to the world that for six months the U-boats in the Atlantic had been waging a losing war. How heavily they have lost may be realized when a comparison is made with the last war. In the six months from May to October last, 150 enemy submarines were destroyed. During 1914-1918 the heaviest losses sustained in any period of six months amounted to no more than one-third of this figure; and in the whole of the 4¼ years of the last war, only 178 U-boats were sunk—a total which must have been exceeded in this present year alone.

It should be emphasized that the wastage of trained personnel involved is even more serious for the Germans than the loss of U-boats. In 1918 this proved an important factor in the defeat of the enemy submarine campaign, veteran crews of the older U-boats having to be broken up to provide a nucleus of experienced hands for the complements of new submarines. There is reason to suspect, moreover, that the ablest and most daring U-boat captains have been killed or captured, leaving less enterprising men in command of the submarines that remain in service.

Allies Prepare for Landing at a Japanese Base

BOUND FOR LAE, capital of New Guinea, this Allied troopship is packed with our men and their supplies. The latter are expertly arranged on the deck and protected by tarpaulins, ready to be unloaded without delay as soon as the landing is made. Transports such as this, bearing Australian troops, played a vital part in the brilliant air-land-sea operation (see page 269) which led to the capture of Lae on September 16, 1943. "A victory," declared Gen. MacArthur, "which is a serious blow to the enemy. With God's help we are making our way back!" PAGE 391 *New York Times Photos*

Game as Terriers are the Navy's Destroyers

First out of port when the call comes, first in the fight, the last to return to the home base—such is the glorious tradition of the "trouble ships" of our Fleet, some of whose astonishing adventures and feats of endurance are narrated by MARK PRIESTLEY. See also facing page.

IN four years of war the destroyer H.M.S. Foxhound has steamed 240,000 miles over most of the oceans of the world. It is—claims her commander, Cmdr. C. J. Wynne-Edwards, D.S.C.—a record unequalled by any other ship of the Allied Navies or Merchant Fleets.

She has fought everywhere, from one of the earliest U-boat kills off the Orkneys to playing her share in Italian waters in recent months. She has sailed to Norway, Malta, Iceland, Madagascar, New York, Oran, Cape Town, Sardinia and India, and was bombed in the London docks at the height of the Battle of Britain. Her history, in fact, is one of months of seagoing in every kind of weather, interspersed with only short periods in harbour and, once a year, the essential refit. Fourteen hundred and twenty-six days of non-stop vigilance, with "Action Stations" always just around the corner, and constant careful tending of high-powered machinery, are only a part of the achievement of her crew; and her story is not unique in the annals of the salt-encrusted "trouble ships" of the Fleet.

Traditionally, the destroyer is the first of all fighting ships to leave port, the first to fight, and the last to return to the relative inactivity of an anchorage. There is the vivid instance of H.M.S. Vimy, which lost a screw when ramming a U-boat—and escorted a convoy 6,000 miles to North Africa before putting in for repairs. Again, there is the amazing mileage of the old Windsor, one of the first destroyers to reach Dunkirk (for the evacuation of our troops from France). In eight months she steamed 30,000 miles, and in one month completed 4,060 miles. In 1941 a six months' commission involved 16,000 miles, and in 1942 she logged another 24,000.

ONE of her sister ships, H.M.S. Woolston, celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday by escorting a troop convoy towards the landing beaches of Sicily. "The Army is dependent upon us. We will not let them down," Lieut. F. W. Hawkins had told his ship's company. For nine days the Woolston patrolled for lurking U-boats off Sicily, brought enemy planes crashing in flames, and of 62 days she spent 60 at sea.

Consider, also, the feat of the Lamerton, one of the Hunt class destroyers which kept up a shuttle service to the firing courses off Salerno. Leading up to the invasion and escorting the first Allied landings in North Africa, H.M.S. Lamerton convoyed 150,000 troops from point to point along the coast, and in one period of 61 days spent 56 at sea. Her gunnery officer, Lieut. A. G. Gardner, has been mentioned in dispatches for sinking an Axis submarine with his second salvo.

The Kelvin and the Javelin together sank eleven ships in three hours in attacking an enemy coastal convoy. The Kelvin's first salvo sank one of the ships. Simultaneously, the Javelin was staging what the Admiralty has since described as one of the most spectacular close-range sinkings of the Mediterranean war. Dashing across the bows of an enemy corvette at only ten yards range, the Javelin's gunners hurled two depth-charges, one on each side of her. Set at the minimum depth, the charges blew the enemy out of the water.

AN OFFICER OF H.M.S. FOXHOUND watches a British base come into sight. As soon as this destroyer drops anchor she will have completed the astonishing distance of 240,000 miles, on most of the Seven Seas.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

So it goes with the "terriers," feats and adventures piling together and record eclipsing record. H.M.S. Boreas, commanded by Lieut.-Cmdr. E. L. Jones, D.S.C., steamed 183,244 miles with the same ship's company between December 1941, and the Sicilian landings in 1943. The "go anywhere, do anything" spirit of her kind was epitomized in 439 days under way in the South Atlantic and elsewhere, and particularly when she found herself steaming inland up the Congo River at 22 knots. When she had been abroad for 14 months she arrived at Plymouth from Gibraltar. Within 24 hours she had sailed again—back to the Mediterranean.

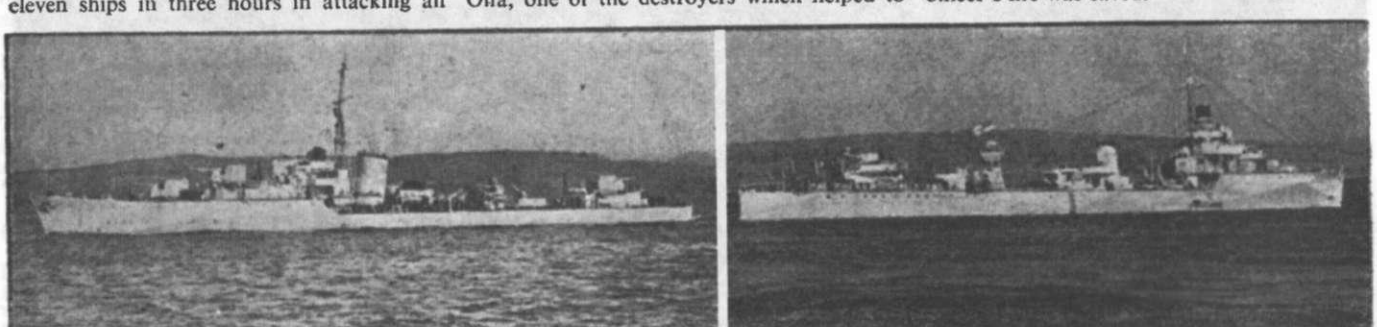
There is the endurance feat of H.M.S. Offa, one of the destroyers which helped to pile Atlantic U-boat sinkings last May up to the grand record of thirty or more. In the 21 months since her commissioning she has steamed 80,000 miles, 8,000 of them in 25 days. Another ship, H.M.S. Matchless, in a similar period, has escorted at least three Russian convoys, survived 269 air raids at Malta, acted as a screen to units of the Home Fleet, and at one time picked up more than two hundred survivors—more than the number of her own crew. Forty officers, at a tight squeeze, were quartered in her wardroom.

NATURALLY, the destroyer's role has its lighter side. Talking in a wardroom recently I was told of the laugh at the expense of H.M.S. Churchill when during darkness she imagined the 200-foot length of La Sola Island could be nothing but a U-boat, attacked it with depth-charges, and then tried to sink it by ramming. The officers of H.M.S. Tanatside, too, had a shock when they took evasive action against two torpedoes approaching to starboard. Lieut.-Cmdr. F. D. Brown, in command, immediately swung around, but to his amazement the torpedoes also turned on their course and continued to skim towards the destroyer. "There was nothing we could do," Sub.-Lieut. K. W. Rymer told me. "We watched the torpedoes getting nearer and nearer and were all ready for the impact. Suddenly they turned right about and disappeared. They were two porpoises!"

Believe it or not, another destroyer, H.M.S. Ripley, when shrouded in fog off the East Coast, nosed her way into a cave from which, local superstition avers, no ship aground is ever refloated. But the Ripley was refloated; it takes more than a cave to sink a destroyer.

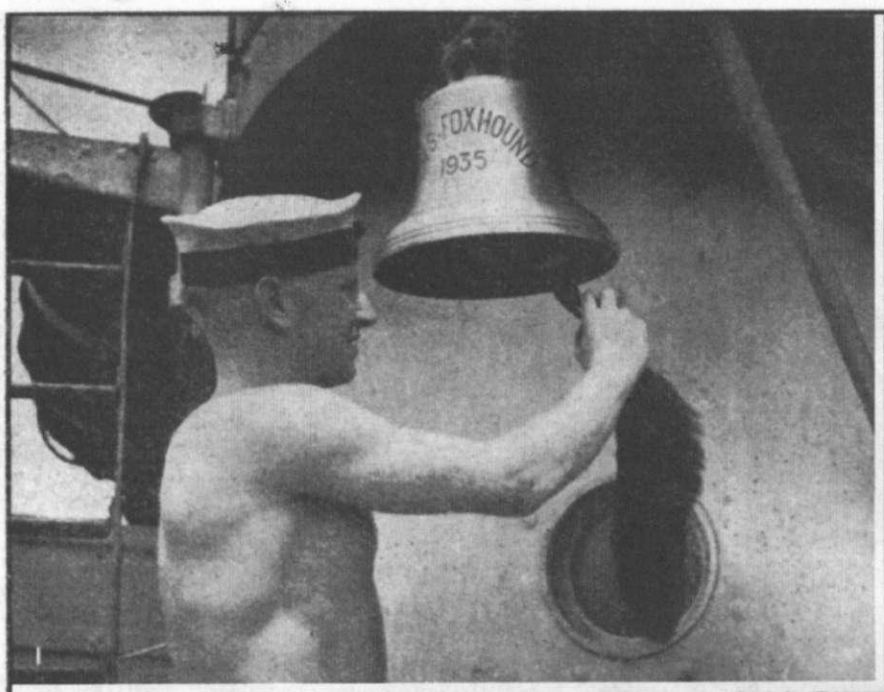
In last year's Atlantic gales—the worst of a century—the Witch, Vanessa and Skate were all dismasted by the weight of ice forming overnight on their crosstrees. The Shikari, with her commander, Lieut.-Cmdr. Derek Williams, lashed for five days and nights to the bridge, lost a funnel. But all returned safely, after innumerable personal hazards faced by every man of the crews.

I can conclude on no more typical note than the story of an episode aboard H.M.S. Oribi. While the destroyer laboured through heavy seas, a young sub-lieutenant was sitting in the wardroom. There came a fearful roll, and the young officer was pitched through the air to crash head first against a bulkhead thirty feet away. His skull looked like an egg hit by a spoon. With the gale still at its height and six inches of water swilling around in the wardroom, the young ship's doctor—Surgeon-Lieut. Thomas Smith—lashed his patient to a settee, and operated while ratings steadied doctor and patient. This amazing scene lasted for over an hour, and the young officer's life was saved.



TWO OF THE NAVY'S 'TERRIERS' with notable records. (Left) H.M.S. Matchless, commissioned in February 1942, in her first year at sea three times ran the gauntlet with convoys to Russia, met the Italian fleet in battle, and survived 269 air raids at Malta. She has acted as a screen to units of the Home Fleet, and once picked up more than 200 survivors. (Right) H.M.S. Vanessa, which with H.M.S. Hesperus rammed a U-boat to destruction in the early part of this year.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Mascots are Prized in our Famed 'Trouble Ships'



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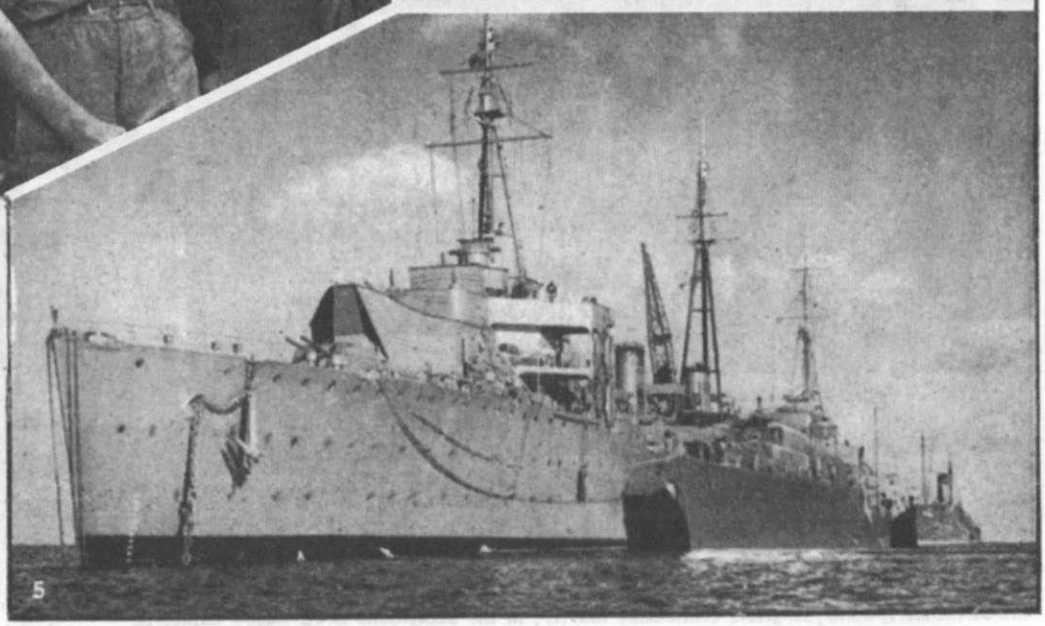

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H.M.S. FOXHOUND'S BELL has its clapper appropriately adorned with a "brush" (1), gift of a fox-hunting officer of the destroyer. Lively ornament of the Kelvin's bell (2) is Splinters the cat. Peanut the monkey (3) is the agile mascot of the Witch; this destroyer claims to have aboard more veteran seamen than any other ship of her size in the Royal Navy. Mascots may or may not bring good luck; the navigating officer places more reliance in the Pelorus Sight (4), an instrument on the bridge for taking bearings. A good "pull up" is the depot ship (5), where minor repairs can be executed and supplies obtained.

See also facing page.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Scene of Contrasts is Unconquerable Leningrad

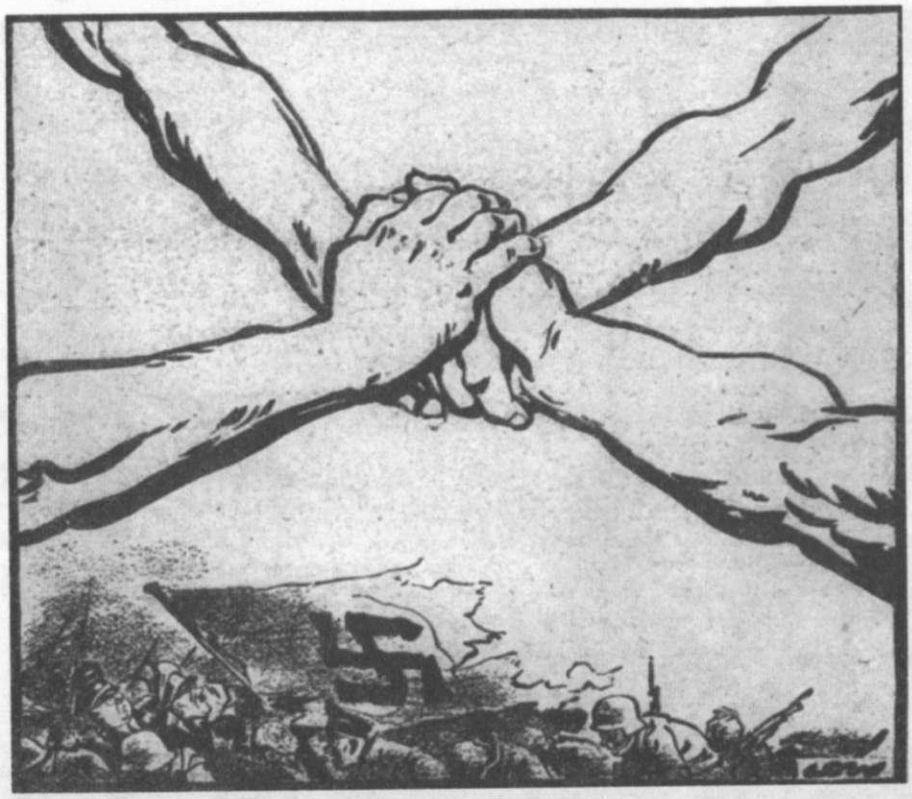
SECOND CITY OF THE SOVIETS, the northern citadel which the Germans could not reduce even after 16 months' siege, Leningrad today presents strange contrasts of peacetime calm and wartime activity. A Red Army girl (1) reads a poster-poem of exhortation, entitled "Kill him!" while workmen (2) complete the filling of a bomb crater. Under escort, Nazi prisoners (3) are marched along a crowded street. By the Neva, A.A. guns (4) are on the alert, while youngsters contentedly fish (5); in the background is St. Isaac's Cathedral. *Photos Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Orphans of the Siege Now Wards of the City

THESE LENINGRAD KIDDIES, who lost their parents during the long and memorable siege and are now the especial care of the city authorities, know exactly what to do—young as they are—when an alert sounds or a shell comes whistling over. Their home is close to Leningrad's famous landmark, the tall-spired old Admiralty Building (in background) at the end of the main thoroughfare, the Prospect of October 25, and overlooking the trees of The Garden of the Toilers.

Photo, Pictorial Press—Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Unity in War and Peace Pledged at Moscow



Cartoon by Low; courtesy of The Evening Standard

RESULTS OF THE CONFERENCE of the Foreign Secretaries of the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., which took place at Moscow, October 19–30, 1943, were announced on November 1. Major decisions were:

THE WAR IN EUROPE

Closest military cooperation in future between the three Powers, aimed at shortening the war by compelling the unconditional surrender of Germany and her satellites. Three-Power Commission to be set up in London to advise on European questions arising as the war develops.

POST-WAR SECURITY

Close collaboration thus pledged to be continued after hostilities cease, for the organization of peace and security. A general international organization, based on the sovereign equality of, and open to, all peace-loving states, to be set up as soon as practicable. Armaments to be regulated by agreement. [China joined the Three Powers in this declaration.]

FUTURE OF ITALY

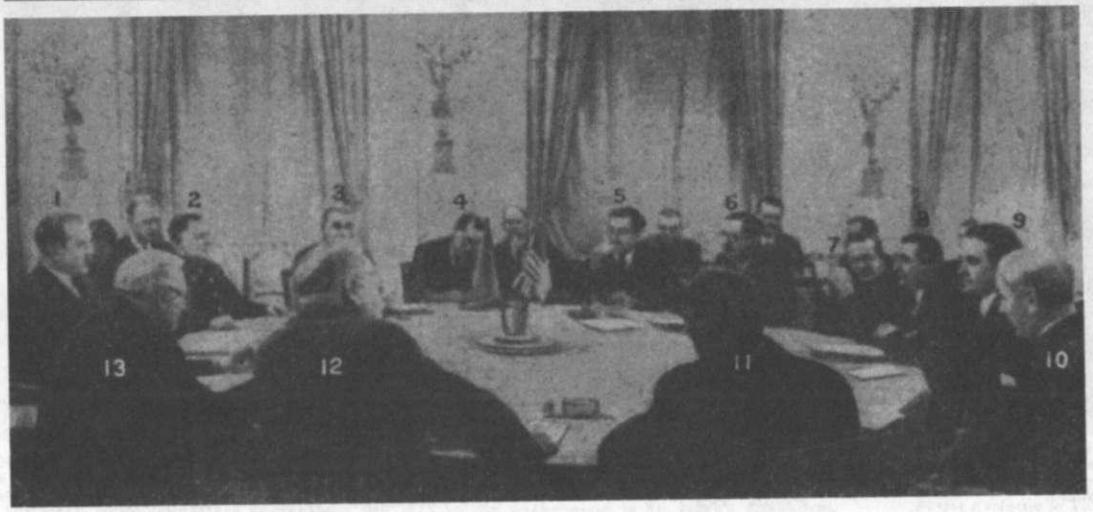
Fascism to be utterly destroyed. Fascist officials suspected of being war criminals to be handed over to justice. Prisoners of the Fascist regime to be released with full amnesty. Freed Italy to choose her own form of government. An Advisory Council, to co-ordinate Allied policy on day-to-day Italian non-military questions, to be set up with Fighting French (and possibly Greek and Yugoslav) representation.

FUTURE OF AUSTRIA

Independence of Austria to be restored. Account to be taken, in final settlement, of her own efforts towards liberation.

ATROCITIES : WAR CRIMINALS

Germans implicated in atrocities to be taken to scene of their crimes, there to be dealt with according to local laws. Germans whose offences have no particular geographical location to be punished by joint decision of the Allies.



COMPLETE SUCCESS of the Three-Power Conference—unity in war and peace—is symbolized in the cartoon (top left). At Moscow airport M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, met Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary (above), and Mr. Cordell Hull, American Secretary of State (centre left). Round the conference table (left): 1, M. Molotov; 2, Voroshilov; 3, Sir Hastings Ismay; 4, Sir A. Clark Kerr; 5, Mr. Eden; 6, Mr. William Strang; 7, Maj.-Gen. John R. Deane; 8, Mr. James Dunn; 9, Mr. Averell Harriman; 10, Mr. Cordell Hull; 11, Mr. Green Hackworth; 12, M. Litvinov; 13, M. Vyshinski.

Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have all expressed great satisfaction at the results of the Conference.

Photos, Pictorial Press

Two Red Armies Rout Mannstein's Million

TWIN SOVIET THRUSTS, launched from Kremenchug (see page 365) on October 19, 1943, and from Melitopol four days later, in a fortnight demoralized Field-Marshal Mannstein's million-strong 6th German Army in the Dnieper Bend and the Nogaisk Steppe, and bottled up his Crimean forces by the capture of Perekop on November

General Malinovsky (3) led the 3rd Ukrainian Forces of the Red Army to take Dnepropetrovsk (2), great engineering town and military stronghold in the north-east corner of the Dnieper Bend, on October 25. General Tolbukhin (1) commanded on the 4th Ukrainian Front, which crumbled following the taking of Melitopol on October 23, after ten days' fierce fighting by such as this gun crew (4), and this Russian infantry patrol (5) warily stalking the enemy. After Melitopol, the Red Army surged westwards across the Nogaisk Steppe, its formidable and victorious armour including camouflaged tanks (6). (See map in p. 387).

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Pictorial Press, Planet News

Hitler Plans to Prevent a German 'Badoglio'

No one has studied more closely the fall of Mussolini and the rise of Badoglio than Hitler and the Junker generals. In this article Dr. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH discusses the rivalry between the Leader of the Nazis and the Prussian military clique, and shows how Hitler has been attempting to forestall a move to replace him in order to sue for peace.

WHATEVER blunders Hitler has committed, nobody can deny that he has shown skill and cunning in dealing with his underlings. He has played one against the other—never granting his full confidence to any one of them; consistently encouraging their rivalries; always assuring that their powers overlap; carefully preventing the formation of one or several groups likely to become the nucleus of a rebellion against his own rule.

The haughty, aristocratic, ice-cold Prussian officers, hard set in the traditions of the great Emperor Frederick, were always the greatest danger. So he pampered, promoted, decorated and flattered them. As long as "his" war seemed an unlimited success, they might grumble about this and that—such as old lags and gangsters among Hitler's Black Guards being forced into their exclusive corps, or their own advice despised by the "inspired" ex-lance-corporal when he played the strategist—but they went on obeying.

When it happened that a leading general became too unruly about some such point, under, to put it mildly, mysterious circumstances—such as Col.-General Ernst Udet, the air ace; Col. Moelders, his Roman Catholic runner-up; Field-Marshal von Reichenau; and, quite recently, Col.-General Hans Jeschonnek, Chief of Air Staff, and General von Chamier-Glyszinski, the "secret weapons" expert.

This list is far from complete, but it provides a startling commentary on the favours bestowed upon his generals by the victorious Fuehrer: fifteen Field-Marshal's ranks—as against Wilhelm II's total of seven, during the last war, of which three were mere courtesy titles for princes of ruling royal houses—and oak leaves and knight's crosses galore! No fewer than ten, among these fifteen Field-Marshals, by the way, belong to the Prussian nobility, the "Junkers." They represent that tradition of which the poet Chamisso sang, nearly 120 years ago:

Und der Koenig absolut
Wenn er unseren Willen tut
(Grant the King omnipotence
If to our will he bends).

HIGH-RANKING GERMAN OFFICERS who have disappeared mysteriously include Col.-Gen Hans Jeschonnek who until his death (announced on Aug. 21, 1942) had been Chief of Air Staff. He was succeeded by Gen. Korten (right), seen here in conference with Field-Marshal Goering, German Air Minister (left) and Gen. Doerzor (centre). *Photo, Fox*

They always were, and are today, successful plotters, taciturn, race- and caste-proud, staunch patriots in their own medieval way and, unlike the German man-in-the-street, wholly unsentimental. Bock is perhaps their most characteristic representative—a spare, tough man of 65, the last survivor of Hindenburg's staff, a general whom even in peacetime his troops called *Der Sterber*—the "die-er"—because he always told them that their task in life was to die on a battlefield. This Pomeranian baron is, undoubtedly, the leading figure of the generals' "Junta" which during the past two years has developed inside Hitler's European fortress.

Hitler would fall into an opportune hysteria and thereby force him to resign. Witness his C.-in-C., von Brauchitsch, early in the winter of 1941, when he insisted upon withdrawing the forces in Russia into well-prepared winter quarters. Or von Bock—at the same period, for not smashing his way into Moscow; then, after being re-employed for the 1942 summer campaign, for calling the Stalingrad-Caucasus adventure what it was, a suicidal madness. Or Field-Marshal von Leeb, because he could not vanquish indomitable Leningrad, first in April, 1942, and after having agreed to try again this spring.

ONE of the first seven Field-Marshals Hitler created after overrunning France, Blaskowitz, seems to have anticipated that development; he put his new baton in a cupboard, bought himself mufti, and stayed as a civilian in Paris!

Others were disfavoured under less publicized circumstances—Col.-General Franz Halder, Chief of General Staff and Germany's outstanding strategist; Guderian, creator of Hitler's tank-arm; Admiral of the Fleet Erich Raeder, to quote only the best-known of them. Or they lost their lives

Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch is its politician. Smooth, clever, be-monocled, with cynical smile, he never completely fell out with Hitler. Since losing his supreme command, he allowed himself to be nominally registered with the High Command's Reserve of Army Leaders, as did a number of his comrades-in-disgrace, unlike implacable Field-Marshal von Leeb, a stubborn Bavarian. Brauchitsch knows how and when to drive home the fact that, contrary to Hitler's famous "intuition," his own knowledge of strategy always proved right, as when in early autumn 1941 he built the Dnieper winter line; or when he urged for motorized infantry and mobile supply columns; or when he wanted more fighter-cover and not so many of the vulnerable Stukas. Brauchitsch would have listened to well-nigh infallible, self-effacing Halder, and to Guderian, expert in tank-warfare—but Hitler did not and paid dearly for it. Or rather, the German people paid for his madcap adventures and megalomaniac dreams. And therefore . . .

That sentence has not been completed, as yet. It may have been rounded off, in their usual, sneering army-slang, more than once within the clandestine conventicles of that half-dozen or so Junker generals who, regardless of Himmler and his recently increased powers over life and death, in fact control Germany's fate. It was they who inspired the plan of a withdrawal from the far-flung borders of Hitler's "Fortress Europe" to the walls of their "Citadel Germany." And it was they who launched the slogan "Hitler's Secret Weapon is—a separate peace with Russia"!

For months they tried hard enough to make that dream come true. They had to use devious ways in approaching their Russian counterparts, via Stockholm, Ankara, or even Tokyo. They had to use shady go-betweens. But they were inspired by an idea: beyond their respective national interests there was a professional one, a military-caste solidarity, and in the event of a victory of the Allies the role of that caste might be abolished, and not only in Germany!

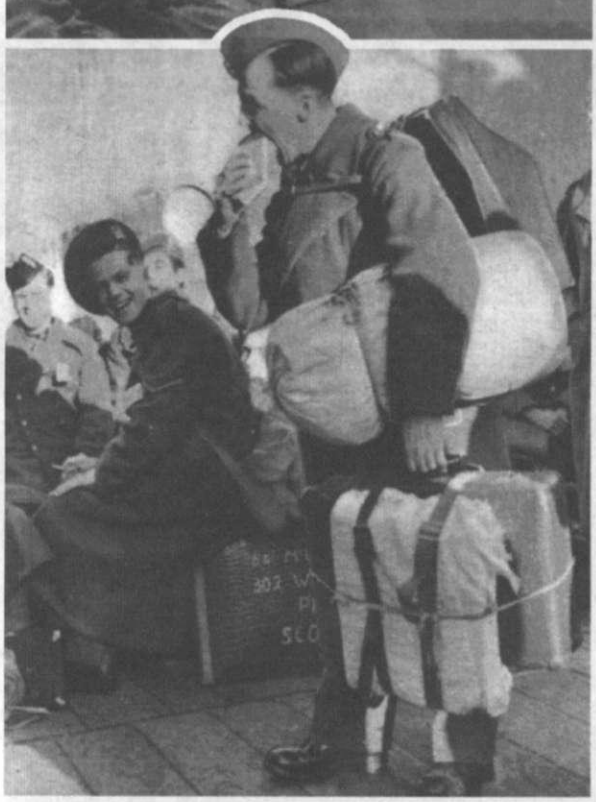
THEY had powerful contacts, for because of the Versailles restrictions the republican Reichswehr had for years tried out all its new armament gadgets on Russia's vast fields and in cooperation with her air force. General von Niedermeyer, then a "professor" of military history at the Berlin University, had for years been head of that unofficial co-operation department and gone to and fro between Moscow and Berlin.

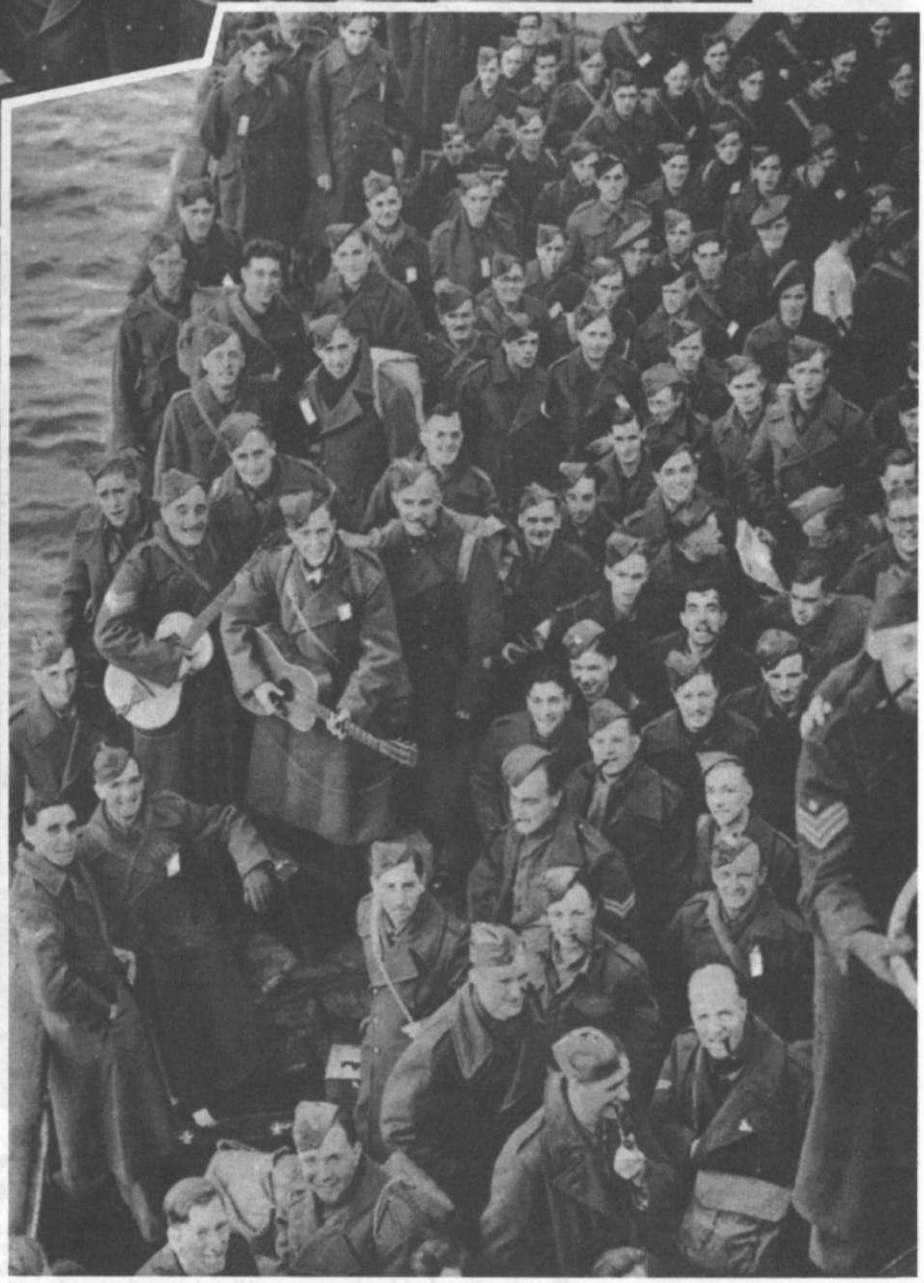
Of course, Germany would have to pay a price—the Nazi government system would be eliminated and a semi- or pseudo-Bolshevist regime under close military control established. And not only would Germany consent to return to her 1939 frontiers, she would lend technical and material help for Russia's reconstruction. But think of the prospects: while the concentrated power of Germany, no longer engaged against Russia, would smash the "plutocracies," Moscow could direct the Red Army southward, to gain ports on the shores of the Indian Ocean!

Almost needless to say, this Junkers scheme never got very far in the Kremlin. Its basic idea, however, has not been abandoned—the generals are prepared to sacrifice their "Supreme War Lord" and all he stands for if it offers them the slightest chance of retaining thereby their own social and professional privileges. They would like to effect a deal with whoever is prepared to bargain, and they have carefully watched the Badoglio business. The Allied treatment of the first Axis power to surrender they have considered a test case, a guide for their own future action.

THEIR attitude is no longer a secret even to the Nazis, some of whom have for the last few months tried hard to get into the fold of the Junta—Hermann Goering hardest of all. It is proof of the generals' solidly established power outside the Nazi Party machine that they are unafraid of Himmler and his new powers, so ruthlessly exercised on German civilians as well as on other peoples.

Such Hitler yes-men as Jodl, Zeitzler, Doenitz and Keitel have no access to their inner circle. And so when early in October Hitler suddenly got a new inspiration and surprised the army leaders in the East with a visit and a "stand-fast order" the event may have had particular significance. He apears to have ceased interfering with strategy. Possibly having heard of the plotters' disappointment over the Russian campaign, he may have thought it wise to show them a friendly grin when their fortunes were lowest. He, too, has had an eye on recent events in Italy!





Free Again in a Free Land

" The way in which you have kept up your morale is in accordance with the best traditions of the fighting Services ! " were the memorable words added by Gen. Sir Ronald F. Adam (top), Adjt.-Gen. to the Forces, to their Majesties' warm message of welcome which he conveyed to repatriated troops at Leith on October 25, 1943. With self-provided music and with broad smiles men crowd to disembark, and one at least knows what to do with an outsize British sandwich. (See also illus. page 359.)

Photos Keystone

For This They Longed and Dreamed—

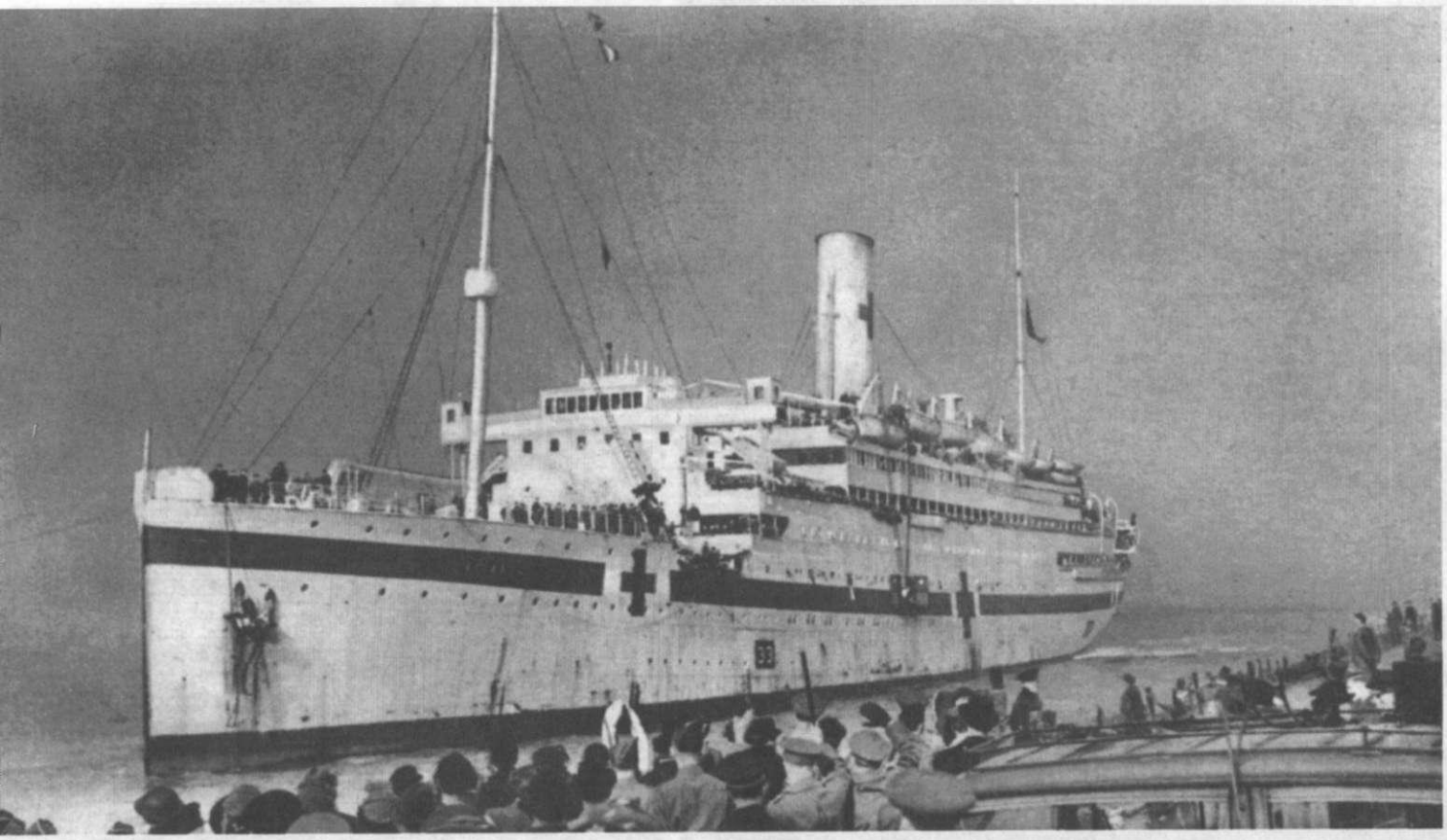
First to set foot ashore, one-armed Rev. A. Drummond Duff (in left-hand circle), Senior Chaplain to the 51st Division of glorious renown, has great stories to tell of fighting at St. Valery, France. So has the lance-corporal, though at the moment he has no thought but for Mother, and for Dad's back-pat. Gentle hands of the Red Cross guide uncertain feet, and a crippled officer is relieved of burdensome crutches by a private : in such moments all men are brothers.

Photos, P.N.A. Keystone, Plan

Daily Mirror, News, G.P.U.

—Through Months and Years in Nazi Camps

The mere feel of a home newspaper but an hour or two old is a joy indeed. Troubles are forgotten. Even the hobblers make light of their handicap, and if a peg-leg needs adjusting there's ready help at hand. Some can't even hobble ; for these there is sisterly attention and skill. Prone or walking, their destination is a hospital, with all its comfort and care, or a rest centre ; and in due course Home to relatives and friends they hold most dear.



For Them War Is Over

No heart-tearing lament the pipers played, but exultant skirl as to the landing-stage at Leith slid one crowded tender. Next day the hospital ship Atlantis (top) arrived at Liverpool with a further 764 disabled men. Boys in the Red Cross ambulances cannot see waving hands along the route, but with a catch in the throat they hear the welcoming roar. Worst of their anguish lies behind; ahead, a new and brighter chapter opens in their lives. (See also illus. page 416.)

Photos, G.P.U., P.N.A. Daily Mirror

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Nazi Nemesis in North Africa

IT used to be supposed in this country that German army training made men into blindly obedient automata, incapable of more or less independent action, helpless if they were not told exactly what to do. That delusion was exploded for me, at any rate, in 1918, when I discovered by unpleasant experience how clever small parties of the enemy with machine-guns under command of sergeants or corporals could be in pushing forward—we called it then "infiltrating"—and breaking into our positions. The old idea that Germans could advance only in solid masses, shoulder to shoulder, blade by blade, had to be scrapped. The Kaiser's army had altered its methods to meet changing needs.

But how are we to reconcile the new idea with the mass surrenders at Stalingrad and (even more astonishing) in Tunisia? In droves the enemy gave themselves up; whole companies, battalions, regiments, surrendered in blocks; marched in good order to the rear, made no attempt to keep up the struggle, even when they found themselves in immensely greater strength than their guards. Alan Moorehead, in his new book The End in Africa (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.), tells how at one place there were not more than thirty British soldiers looking after about 5,000 prisoners. At another place a small contingent of our men "was completely surrounded by prisoners, and more coming in every minute." "God knows where they are supposed to go," a British sergeant said. "I just put 'em on the road and tell 'em to keep going!"

IN a little seaport Moorehead and another correspondent ran into "a great crowd of Germans stranded there with their vehicles. They were entirely free to pick up the rifles they had laid down and shoot us. But they did not seem to be even morose or resentful. They were eager to be pleasant. . . . Their attitude was: 'Well, it's finished for me now. I don't have to fight any more. I can relax a bit.'" They were all sick and tired of army life, Moorehead says. But they would have obeyed, all the same, if they had been ordered to resist to the last man.

Rommel has shown that the Germans will go on fighting against impossible odds and take impossible risks so long as they are well controlled and officered.

They will keep at it if they are never given time to wonder how things are going. After Generals Alexander and Anderson had split the enemy force in two, half on Cape Bon Peninsula, half outside it, the German High Command was isolated from its troops, "who were for ever in doubt, and doubt created despair." This would have happened to any army in the last war. Now our battle training schools teach men independence in crises. It was not shown at Tobruk, but the troops there had not been through battle schools, which came into existence after their time of training.

In the absence of any battle plan, in their complete ignorance of what was happening and because they did not know when to fire or in which direction, the Tobruk garrison was mopped up piecemeal by the German forces and surrendered in one single day.

That was, fortunately, on a smaller scale than the Tunisian surrender, but they were both due, Moorehead says, to the same causes. That, it seems to me, should make the Allied commanders anxious to practise swift, ingenious tactics which will puzzle the German generals, cut them off perhaps from contact with their armies, reduce those armies to the condition of helpless uncertainty in which they were ready to give themselves up in Tunis. If such tactics had not been practised there, the bulk of the Nazi forces would have got away.

Moorehead's descriptions of the battles which led up to their annihilation (for prisoners are discounted equally with the dead) are, like those in his Year of Battle, vivid and brilliantly clear. These battles were altogether different from the desert engagements, which covered enormous spaces of sand and consisted usually of a series of small encounters seeming to have little connexion. In Tunis the advances were made up mountain valleys, mostly narrow. You could stand on a mountain and watch the infantry going forward, then the tanks rolling up, then the enemy tanks emerging. You could follow every phase of the struggle. You could understand, as few people here at home seem to, why progress in these conditions must be slow; why "if you advance a thousand yards, it is considered a great achievement."

THE men who make these day-by-day pushes that appear insignificant to those who do not know the obstacles they have to surmount, the opposition they must overcome from Nature as well as from Hitler, are brought before us as plainly as the scenes of battle. No use picturing them as "immaculate and shining young heroes agog with enthusiasm for the Cause. They have seen too much dirt and filth for that. They hate the war. They know it . . . They fight because they are part of a system, part of a team. It is something they were obliged to do, and now they are in it they have a technical interest and a pride in it. They want to win and get out of it—the sooner the better."

That is why they, too, are impatient, as some folks are at home. They want to know what is being done by others. "How's the war going, mister?" they would ask, "bitter and contemptuous." . . . "Is there anyone doing anything besides us?" or "Where's the Eighth Army? Aren't they doing anything?"

OF many stories told by Moorehead to illustrate the demoniac dash and toughness of our men I have been thrilled especially by that of the major in the Argylls who led the final attack on Longstop Hill (you remember it?) and took this vital position, enabling General Alexander to prepare the crushing blows which followed. He stared in the dark up the first slopes. All that could be known about the enemy was that they were somewhere above. That was made clear by the fire and the flares that came down. The major stood up, waved his revolver, shouted to his men. "They swarmed up after him, as men will when they find a leader. He ran straight through the minefield and up through the darkness to the points where the yellow streams of bullets were coming out. He and his men yelled and screamed as they flung themselves upward. They got caught in barbed wire and clawed it aside. They jumped down into the dugouts on top of the Germans, firing as they jumped. That was one hill. Sheer rage carried them up the next slope, and again they broke through the wire and killed with the bayonet." Then a third time they swept on and up, and were successful once more.

It was near here that a young British gunner officer had his gun position overrun by the enemy. He put an Arab cloak over his uniform, hitched a plough on to his gun-towing tractor, and spent all that day ploughing round and round the field among the Germans. Night came, and in the darkness he coupled up one of his guns to the tractor and drove back to the British lines. So inextricably were the pursuits of peace mixed up with the operations of war in those fertile glens!

Whole-hearted is Moorehead's admiration for the men who fight—only one-fifth of the army, he reminds us, the four-fifths being occupied in keeping up the ceaseless flow of supplies. Not less comprehensive is his dislike of politicians, the men who talk. He was in Algiers about a year ago, after Darlan had been assassinated and when the quarrels between the de Gaullists and the Giraudists were most bitter. He thinks the United States Foreign Office made a great mistake in putting all its support behind Giraud and snubbing de Gaulle. It seems to have recognized this itself now. Moorehead hated Algiers then because of

the atmosphere of suspicion and bickering argument, the endless ferment in the streets, and the feeling that the intrigues (of French politicians) were a mean and petty betrayal of the men at the front, who were fighting for something quite different.

The position has been clarified to some extent by the recent announcement from Algiers that de Gaulle has now assumed full, undivided presidential control of the French Committee of National Liberation, Giraud remaining C.-in-C. of the Fighting French Forces.

MASS CAPITULATION in Tunisia, described in the book reviewed in this page, resulted in such curious situations as this: a German staff car is seen speeding towards Tunis to surrender, while Italian prisoners of war are marching away from the city to wired-in desert camps awaiting them. Once "registered" in Tunis the Germans would make a similar pilgrimage, this time on foot. *Photo, British Official*

How France Raised A Secret Desert Army

Behind the achievements of North African native warriors in the Tunisia and Sicily fighting, and in the freeing of Corsica, is a remarkable story of French resourcefulness in defeat, related here by ANDREW STEWART. He tells how, under the very noses of the Germans, France began to rebuild her shattered military forces in preparation for her revenge.

WHEN Goumiers entered Bastia, northern port and former capital of Corsica, on the morning of October 4, 1943, fourteen days after the first French Commandos had landed to join the island patriots, they enabled French High Command to announce: "The liberation of Corsica is achieved."

Thus they added further laurels to the reputation of doughty and fearless fighters which they had won during the Tunisian campaign and in Sicily. But what still is not generally known is how they and their North African comrades in arms—the Tabors of Morocco and the Maghzens of Tunisia—were welded into a secret army of some 50,000 men right under the noses of the Germans, from the time of the Armistice in France, June 21, 1940, to the Allied landing in North Africa, November 8, 1942.

During the agonizing months of May-June 1940, submerged by the German tide of metal, the French Government had called on all available reinforcements from North Africa. The bulk of the North African army of 10,000 officers and 400,000 men was sent to France, and of them only an insignificant number escaped to North Africa after the collapse—with no war material.

But under the Armistice Convention a small army of 120,000 men, armed with obsolete weapons and not permitted tanks, was conceded to France for the governance of her Empire. Immediately, the French Command in North Africa decided on a three-point policy: to make an *élite* of the authorized troops; to organize into police forces and labouring gangs as many native troops as possible; and to camouflage what unused military stores there remained—and what would in due course be forthcoming from Britain and America—so as to be able to change these undeclared troops into a regular army when the moment came to strike again at the enemy.

So well were these secret plans prosecuted that when the great Allied landing of November 8, 1942, took place, France was able to place in the field, alongside 122,000 "authorized" Empire troops (negotiations had resulted in an increase of 2,000 in the Armistice Convention allotment), a body of some 60,000 fully armed and practised soldiers, consisting of 10,000 troops brought from Syria and 50,000 secretly-raised men comprising Goums, Maghzens and Tabors. In addition were some 1,500-2,000 volunteers, who had never been enrolled in the regular army before the collapse and who had not been declared to the Germans; 4,600 natives who, camouflaged as "workers," had been drilled and armed; and 10,000 officers who had been disguised as Civil Servants.

To maintain so many men in arms without the knowledge of the supposedly vigilant enemy was no mean task. After all, the Germans were masters themselves of this art of raising secret armies. For it was by such camouflage that between 1920 and 1935 they built up their own Wehrmacht in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. But the French did it. First they destroyed all documents relating to military material existing at the time of the defeat. Then all armaments remaining in North African dumps were dispersed and hidden in mountain caves, mine-wells, garages and houses.

Some 20,000 tons of actual metal of military value was also hidden. Part of it, according to sound detective story theory, was scattered on railway tracks in full sight of the enemy, if only he had eyes to see—molybdenum, aluminium and nickel amongst it.

ALMOST overnight, tanks, planes, machine-guns, mortars and cases of ammunition disappeared. Only one of the many secret dumps was ever discovered, and that was in the private house of a French officer. No higher tribute than this can be paid to the loyalty of the natives, thousands of whom necessarily knew of the various secret *caches*. This loyalty to a stricken France is one of the outstanding features of the Goumiers. It is understandable enough. Loyalty among these people takes a personal form: when an officer has lived for a time in one district he wins the undying adherence of the natives under his charge.

Since a handful of first-class French officers with desert experience survived the collapse of May-June 1940 and returned to North Africa the Goums were sure to survive under them; but the problem was, how to maintain these groups of tribesmen-warriors in full training and competently equipped without the supervising Germans knowing.

WHAT was done with documents and material has already been described. The problem of personnel was tackled in equally efficient fashion. Officers resigned their commissions and took over jobs as native overseers and what not. Natives were enrolled as policemen and in work gangs. And an elaborate technique of using authorized troop-training facilities for the irregulars was planned. For example, a regular troop would forget to carry off its weapons after target practice. Curiously enough, a detachment of Goumiers would pass that way soon after and indulge in practice until such time as the regulars remembered to return for their arms! Suspicions grew. The Nazis demanded the dispersal of the native "police" units. French cunning triumphed.

"If you knew the country," they protested to the German High Command, "you would know that of late the tribes have been very restive. Remove those police detachments and you will require ten or fifteen divisions to restore order. Can you really afford that?"

"But," the Germans insisted, "who commands these forces?"

"Civilian controllers."

"Who appoints them?"

"The Director of Political Affairs. Which is to say, the Resident-General. That is the Sultan."

"Not the Army?"

"Of course not!"

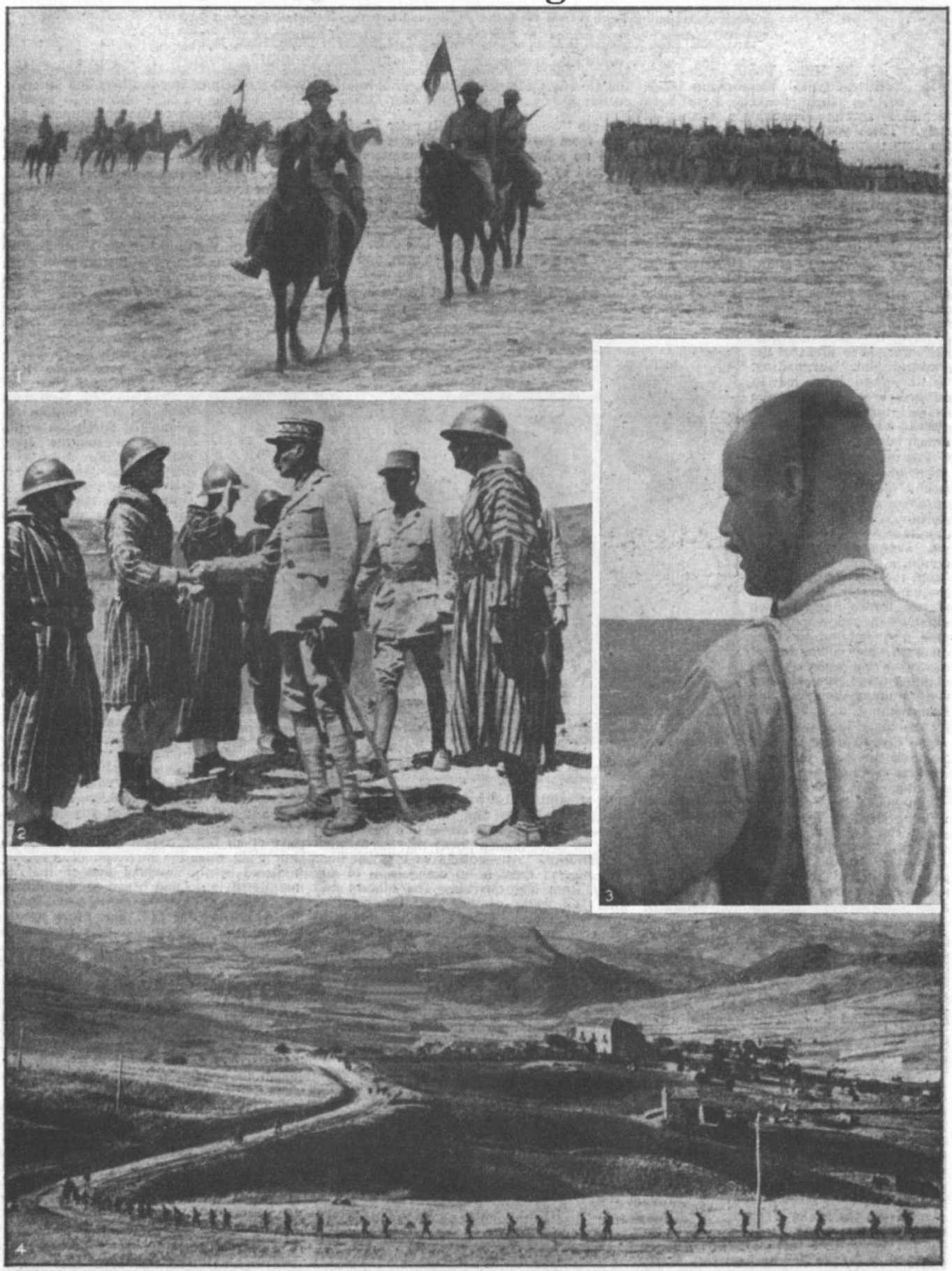
"But look here," the Germans argued, "you have three sorts of Goums, which you call A, B and C. Now, why?"

This was very embarrassing to the French, for in fact the three types of Goums corresponded to three types of military detachments.

"Oh, there are three types of rebel native tribes," they urbanely explained. And they got away with it. Later, one of the regular Moroccan regiments was disbanded by the Germans. But that just meant that they became "workers" once again—and the building of the secret army went on!

SOLDIERS OF FREE FRANCE'S AFRICAN ARMY, a Goumier sharpens his bayonet in readiness for the attack. Though he has left his village, family and flocks for the battlefield, he still clings to his traditional robe, seeing nothing incongruous in the contrast it makes with his modern helmet, equipment, and rifle. PAGE 404 *Photo, Planet News*

Valiant Goums in their Age-Old Battle Garb



DESERT WARRIORS OF FIGHTING FRANCE, the Goums include some of the most picturesque figures in the Allied Armies. This Goumier (3) has a distinctive hair-style. His comrades (2), here being inspected by General Giraud, Free French C.-in-C., go into battle in their tribal garb. The Goums, who are officered by Frenchmen, were trained in the desert (see facing page). They march past their commanders (1). They fought magnificently in Tunisia and Sicily, where they marched (4) side by side with their American allies, sharing supplies and the hazards of battle, and they played a great part in the liberation of Corsica.

Photos, Service Cinematographique de l'Armée, Keystone

No 'Hitler Youth' Is the Army Cadet Force

One way of entering the British Army is through the Army Cadet Force. How widely severed in ideals of service this Force is from the Hitler Jugend, and how sane is the training given these Cadets, is explained here by Capt. J. D. Gruban, Regimental Physical Training Officer to the 61st (Mdx.) Cadet Regiment, R.A., in an interview with Capt. MARTIN THORNHILL, M.C.

BOYS of the Hitler Youth, with their "Hitler Jugend" membership labels still in their pockets, have been identified among Kesselring's troops in Italy. These youngsters, after steeping for ten impressionable years in the perverted Nazi ideology, are emerging to take their place as serving soldiers of the Reich. They are trained to Nazi perfection in all the brutal savagery and regimented ruffianism which are the basis of this Hitler-sired movement. But although fed since kindergarten days on lies, viciousness, arrogance, hardness of heart and Hitler-worship, strangely allied with physical excellence, these fanatic youths are not shaping as the first-class Nazi-pattern soldiers their trainers predicted. Faced with the hard knocks of battle, they are surprised to find that the "contemptible" foe, waiting, as they had been led to believe, browbeaten, to be robbed and butchered, has instead a healthy come-back which hurts.

For this surprising foe has been nurtured on ideals too—sound ideals having fundamentals of courtesy and chivalry, courage and a corporate spirit which long since set standards for British youth. They come largely from the Hitler Youth's opposite number, the British Army Cadet Force, which provides the raw material for our own fighting service—material which combines four essentials that make the best fighting man: true comradeship, training, discipline, and leadership.

For over fifty years the Army Cadet Force has sought to fulfil this task, under its Colonel-in-Chief, the King. During that period the training has been so systematized and improved that at the end of it cadets now enter the Army as potential N.C.O.s and officers. That the Force is achieving its objects is proved by the Government announcement on Nov. 9, 1943, that it (and other pre-service cadet organizations) would be continued, on a voluntary basis, after the war.

THE eligible-age span of our Army Cadet Force is from 14 to 17 years. Having taken Certificate A (part 1), at the age of 15 a cadet is tested as to his proficiency in, particularly, fieldcraft. If found satisfactory, he proceeds to part 2—the "Leaders' Section"—and to pass this requires a high standard of knowledge and efficiency. War Office policy directs that no part of the training we give shall go to waste, so commanding officers in the fighting forces are constantly reminded that Army Cadets with Cert. A and a good report from their own C.O. should be singled out for further leadership training. Thus, always at Army call is a constant flow of young, qualified men with years of pre-service, ready for further training to make them eligible for junior leadership.

I am frequently asked if the Junior Training Corps and the Senior Training Corps are a part of the Army Cadet Force. In the eyes of the War Office they are one. The distinction, if any, is purely domestic. Briefly, the J.T.C. and the S.T.C. are school units, and as their aggregate is relatively small they are administered directly from the War Office. The A.C.F. proper is directed through the County Cadet Committees, who, in turn, receive instructions from the War Office.

THESE "open" cadet units cater for boys from anywhere—boys still at school (but with no school unit), and youngsters who, covered by the call-up of young age-groups, are already on national service. That, however, and the fact that thousands of them work eight hours every day, does not deter large numbers from joining the A.C.F. Mere boys, they acquit themselves like men. They work like men, they train like men, and soon they may be wanted to fight like men.

And well the Army Cadet knows it. It is this spirit—the zealous will of the cadet to prepare and perfect himself for Army leadership—that keeps the whole organization alive; it is the hidden power that has hoisted the movement to the pitch of vast national importance. All—officers and cadets—are volunteers; there is no compulsion of any kind from any quarter. The officers hail from all walks of life, and they combine many qualities. Their particular job is to see that the training syllabus as laid down by the authorities is carried out.

Nearly all these officers enjoy the full confidence of those they teach. For the most part they are natural-born instructors; among them are many fine physical training leaders, fully trained in Swedish P.T. and Commando-like practice with ropes, scales and other equipment for the crossing of rivers and all kinds of obstacles. All are, in short, leaders of youth who realize the urgent need to pilot the young into manhood that is strong in body and mind, with an awareness of country and Empire, and proud enough of it to be ready to fight for it if they have to. It may be news to some of the critics of modern youth that, to the great majority of young and ardent sons of our old democracy, "For King and Country" is a deeply cherished motto and not a cheap slogan.

We of the Army Cadet Force are fully aware that it will be up to us to take a major part in the work of reconstruction for lasting peace after our fathers and brothers have laid its foundations through force of arms. With the help of our brothers and sisters of Allied nations we shall also set to work to reshape the minds of the unfortunates who have been victims of the criminal misguidance of Hitlerism.

Time marches on—so does the Army Cadet Force. And as it comes more and more into the forefront, open appraisal is expected. Constructive criticism—safety valve of the true democracy—is helpful. But already there are some who accuse us of regimenting the boys on the model of the Hitler Jugend. To these I would say that there was an Army Cadet movement in Britain while Adolf Hitler was still on the bottle. Baldur von Schirach, Chief Youth Leader, hadn't even reached that stage.

GERMAN SEA-SCOUTS, part of the Nazi Youth organization "Hitler Jugend," inspected by Admiral Doenitz, who, on January 30, 1943, succeeded Admiral Raeder as C.-in-C. of the German Navy. The fundamental differences between the Nazi and British ideals and methods of training youth are made clear in the authoritative article in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

The Hitler Jugend was, and still is, a political expedient—political progression from Nazi theology to Nazi warfare. It starts, in fact, in the kindergarten. Children too young for admission to the Hitler Youth join the "Jungvolk," where the same doctrines are taught. Well knowing the susceptibility of young minds, Hitler, assisted by his team of political, physiological and psychological experts, set to work to shape a new Germany which would offer itself, without reserve, to the Fuehrer and his direction. Fanatical—that has been Hitler's favourite word in all references to the motive power of his movement, and, indeed, of the Third Reich generally. It typifies the spirit that actuates practically all Germany's youth today.

This is no ill-considered indictment. Individuality of thought and action has not been tolerated since the Hitler debut. Individuality, as we know and encourage and practise it, never at any time really existed in Germany—least of all in Prussia, the seat of all things characteristically German. But it was when the old Republican flag was replaced by the swastika banner that the mantle of leadership began to fall not on the senior, not on the meritorious, but on the bully and the cad. For brute strength was to play the big, the only part in the nation-wide expansion and perfection of the rising Youth Movement.

WITH this concept firmly in mind, Reichs Sports-Fuehrer von Schammer-Osten began the job of preparing and maintaining the biggest scheme of national physical training the world has ever known. No effort or expense was spared in the Reich-wide campaign to build up the new Hitler Jugend. Was it not to recruit the ranks of Germany's all-powerful army of tomorrow, and, in particular, to furnish its invincible leaders?

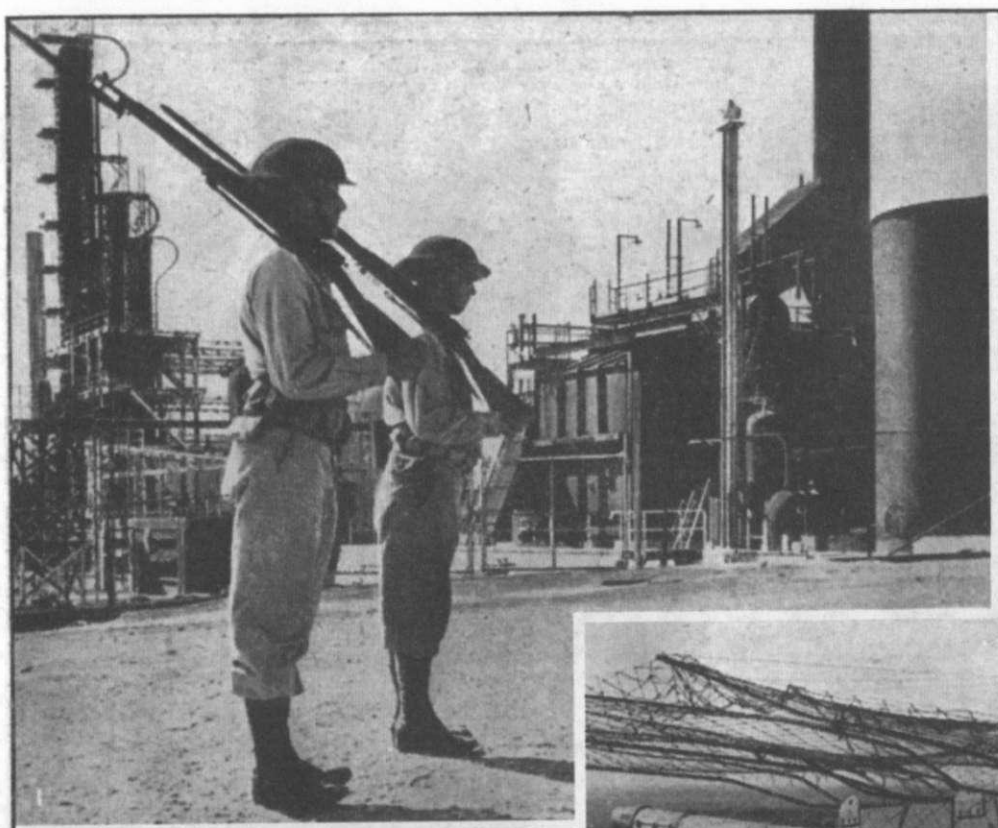
The physical destruction of this still mighty army, incorporating Nazism, Prussianism, and a score of other military "isms" with a Fascist sting, is a matter for the Allied armed forces. Germany will admit no other form of defeat. And when that has been achieved, so far from ever having had the slightest ideal in common with the Hitler Youth, Britain's Army of Youth may yet be the moral force that will set doubts tingling in the tight-locked minds of young post-war Germans.

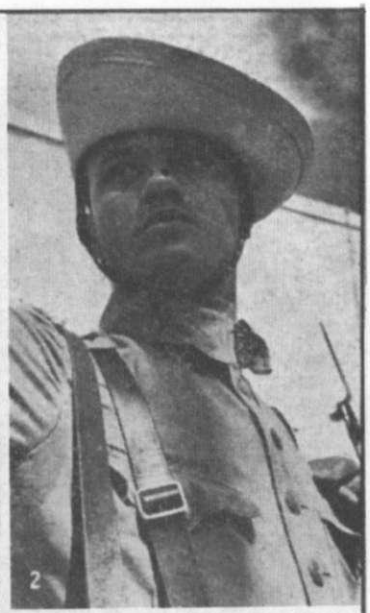
Learning to Be Soldiers on the A.C.F. Plan

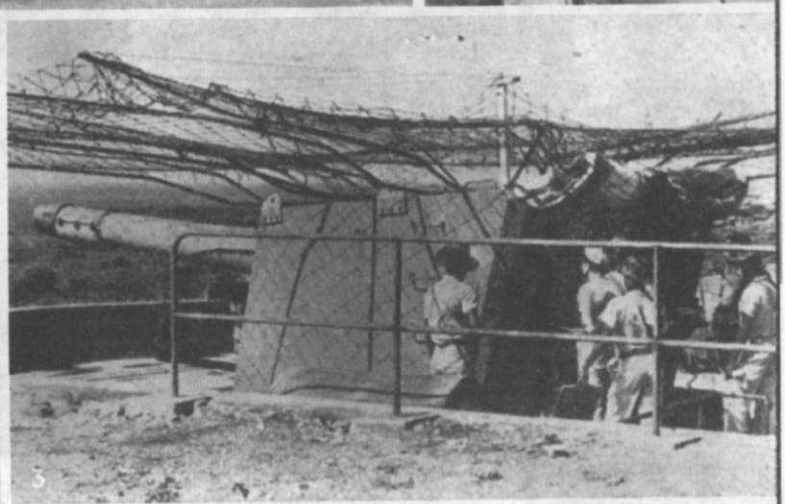
PRE-SERVICE TRAINING for some 180,000 boys is now provided by the Army Cadet Force (see facing page). For over 50 years this organization, of which H.M. the King is now Colonel-in-Chief, has groomed boys of 14-17 intending to make the Army their career. Now that all youths aged 18 may be called up for national service, there has been a great extension of the organization to cater for those who desire to be "broken in" before their time comes. This year some 100,000 such lads attended camps, where they heard lectures, saw demonstrations and engaged in actual field exercises. From reveille (4) to lights-out they lived as soldiers. Here some of them are watching a mortar being fired (1), scaling a wall (2) in true Commando fashion, and enjoying cookhouse fatigue (3).

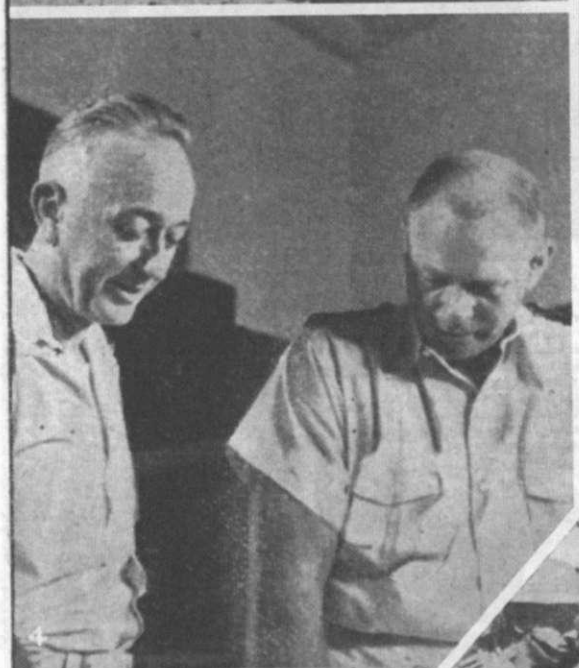
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; L.N.A., Topical Press

Allies Guard Oil in Netherlands West Indies









PRECIOUS OIL REFINERIES in Curaçao and Aruba, Netherlands West Indies (see map), are guarded by Anglo-American and Dutch forces. U.S. troops (1) are on duty at the enormous Lagoen plant, Aruba. This Javanese marine (2) is one of the Dutch garrison on Curaçao, where also are men of the Shropshire Light Infantry (3), here seen on manoeuvres, in Suffisant. Commanding the Dutch forces is Col. C. J. van Asbeck (4, right), seen here with Rear-Admiral Robinson, C.-in-C. Anglo-American forces. Coastal batteries (3) command the sea approach to Curaçao, largest of this island group in the southern Caribbean.

Photos, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

I'm Home After Three Years in Prison Camps

With the repatriated prisoners of war who reached Britain from Germany on October 25, 1943, the Rev. George Grundy, Church Army Chaplain, who was captured at Boulogne in May 1940. Condensed from an interview with W. A. Nicholson, and published by arrangement with The Daily Mail, this story of the padre's adventures begins in France at the time of the great retreat.

DAY after day I saw women and children mowed down by Nazi machine-guns. I grabbed children and pulled them to safety off the roads as enemy planes skimmed the hedge-tops. Dunkirk was about to begin. For a long time, while the roads of France were jammed with fleeing refugees, I looked after the children. At one time I gathered together 4,000 refugees.

After five days of this wondering what was happening, where it was all going to end, I commandeered a convoy of ambulances and tried to get some of these people to safety. I had gone to France to help organize Church Army work there. Soon I was in the thick of the retreat. German bombers howled above us. There was panic in the air. We had yet to come face to face with the Germans themselves.

At last they came. They came in tanks, and just outside Boulogne we saw them. Our convoy drew up by the roadside and waited. Two of my ambulances were shot off the road. Two others managed to get away. Two remained. Refugees swarmed past us, thousands of them pouring this way and that down the roads leading from Boulogne—anywhere to escape the deadly machine-gunning and the bombs. I had intended taking my convoy through to the hospital at Boulogne, where a battle was raging between the fort there and the incoming Nazi tanks.

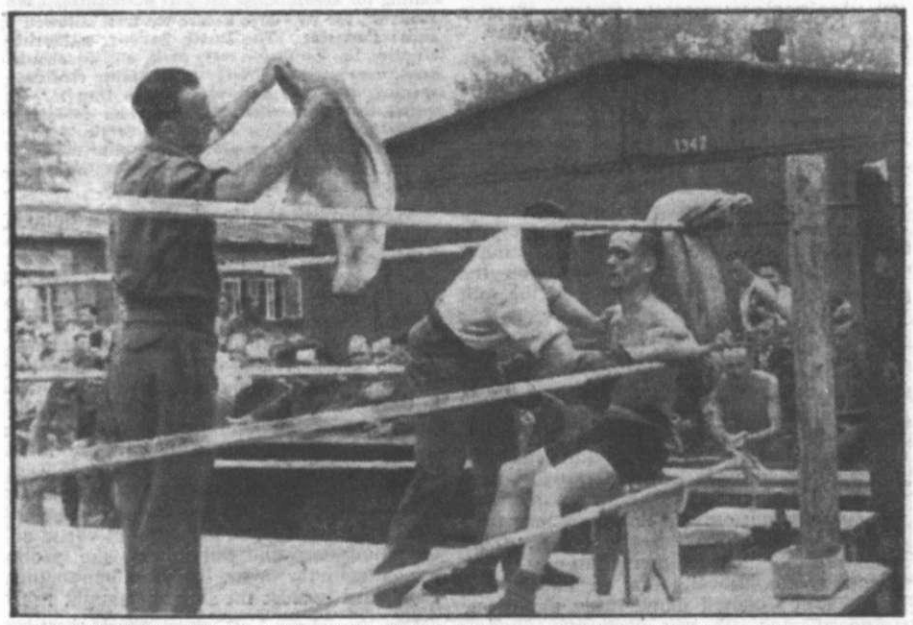
I could not drive, but to wait seemed idle. Men were dying around me. Somehow I had to get through. Driver or no driver, I must get these wounded chaps to hospital. As I got some of them into the ambulances a German tank officer came to me. "What are you doing?" he asked. "One or two of these men here are dying," I said. He looked coldly at me. "Wait there," he said. "If you move off I will shoot." Putting his feet on the bodies of two men by the roadside, he said, contemptuously: "They are dead. They are no good."

Fifteen minutes later the tanks were ordered to move towards Le Touquet. I bundled the rest of the wounded into the ambulances. Then I looked at the bodies. To my relief, one of the men fluttered an eyelid. So I bundled him in too. Then I drove—for the first time in my life—the ambulance. At the 17th/21st General Hospital in Boulogne the most seriously wounded men were on the operating table within nine minutes. Not one man died, though many had to receive blood transfusions. By this time nearly all the doctors and chaplains had been evacuated. Only a handful were carrying on the job. Many of the wounded were told they would be evacuated soon. Time passed, but they were not.

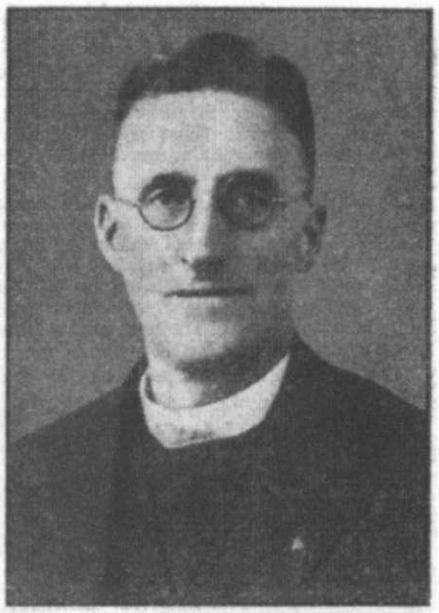
I believe I was the only chaplain in that area. Men were dying everywhere: bodies lay unburied. Severely wounded civilians were arriving—civilians who had been machine-gunned. The officer commanding the hospital (Major Tucker) requisitioned my services as chaplain. After five days the Nazis took over the hospital. On the seventh day a German high officer—a major-general, I think—informed me it was his duty to take down the British flag from the hospital flagstaff. All the doctors were inside the hospital having a meal at the time.

HANDING the flag to me, the German officer said: "You can use this as long as you need it for funeral services." Many funeral services I had to conduct while I was there—the funerals of British Tommies who had been killed or had died from wounds. There were never enough men to carry the bodies to the graves. I had to bury the men with my own hands.

Many of the wounded were sheltering in the hospital basement. When they were told they were not going home, they were grievously disappointed. On May 20, 1940, I was officially "captured." Everybody in the area was to be marched off. As padre at the hospital, I volunteered to march with them. They were taken in lots of 800 at a time. I was given a liaison pass by the Gestapo. By a mutual agreement, all sick, wounded, or other men I might find hidden in private houses I was to invite to go to the English hospital and give themselves up.



BOXING CONTEST IN A P.O.W. CAMP in Germany—one of the most popular sports organized by the troops themselves, to while away weary hours of enforced idleness behind barbed wire and keep their minds and bodies alert and fit for the day of liberation. Equipment for this and other sports and games is sent to them by the Red Cross. *Photo Daily Mirror*



REV. GEORGE GRUNDY—recently returned from Germany—narrating in this page some of his adventures, vividly describes a poignant scene in connexion with a repatriation that was cancelled. *Photo, Daily Mail*

I was also told this agreement covered escaped prisoners and all wandering soldiers. The Germans gave me a Red Cross armlet. The Gestapo told me they would ask only two questions of the men—their names and numbers. I organized a Women's Civilian Internment Camp. These poor women arrived in a terrible condition—old and sick women many of them. Later their conditions were improved. There were many English civilians too old to be interned. I did my best to console them, conducted services, organized and arranged burials, and looked after the wounded.

Six months after my capture—in November 1940—I was sent to Germany. On the way across Belgium to the Reich I contracted a bad dose of dysentery. Nuns looked after me and other people similarly stricken—57 of us altogether, all in a terrible state.

DURING a spell in hospital I lost 5½ st. When convalescing I got out of bed to take Sunday Services and administer the Sacrament to solace the wounded and the dying. There was a dark time in the experience of prisoners in Germany. It was when arrangements were made for us to be repatriated—the repatriation that never happened. Never will I forget the drama of it. Picture the scene.

In the centre of a market square was a table at which was seated a Nazi officer with papers before him. Lined around the square were 1,700 men, some on crutches, others blind. Many of them were men who have come with me this very day. All we were waiting for was a little bit of paper that would bring us back to Britain. As we stood there in suppressed excitement a Highlander with a wooden leg came into the square leading a blind Highlander. They appeared to be lost. We cheered when we saw them. It was a great moment to see these two brave men hobbling, groping their way into the square. Still we waited.

There was a rustle of papers in the German officer's hands, a faint breeze blew across the square. A hum of conversation went right through the ranks. Then the bitter truth came, with all its disappointment and anguish, in a brief message from headquarters. The German officer announced: "The repatriation will not take place. You will return to camp."

I looked around the crowd and saw the stunned disillusion on the faces of the men. I wondered how they were taking it. Then a voice told me. Someone shouted: "Oh, to —— with the —— war. Let's get back to our baseball." Baseball has become the greatest organized game in the German prison camps today.

Now, how runs life in the prison camps? The men are called at 6.30, and roll-call is at seven. In my camp there were 600 officers. The camp was originally meant to

house 250, so we had to take our meals in two shifts. Rations amounted to about five slices of bread a day, but our chief diet was potatoes. With these we had to eke out 1¾ oz. of meat per week. That weight included bone, too. We turned it into a watery sort of soup.

Breakfast—between seven and eight o'clock—usually consisted of bread and margarine. Lunch was a mixture of maize or barley meal, plus soup. Some days we had meat roll: one-third of a tin heated up or fried with potatoes. At night they gave us a third of a tin of fish. The bulk of this tinned food came from our Red Cross parcels.

But for the Red Cross parcels many of us would never have seen this happy day, and but for the clothing sent from Britain we should have been in rags. I have seen officers going about in tatters. I myself often conducted services with trousers that were split and showed gaping holes. The rest of my clothing was in rags.

We came through Berlin on our way home; but they would not allow us to see anything of the damage Allied bombs have done to the capital. We travelled at night. Our men still left behind will stick it out. They know what they have to endure is only a fragment of Britain's responsibility and that one day a British victory will give them their longed-for freedom.

Pte. J. O. CHADDOCK, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, whose story of night-battle in Sicily is given in this page. We are indebted to Pte. Chaddock's father for this extract from a front-line letter home.

With the Camerons I Fought at Four Hills

To the thunder of guns by the hundred, the 8th Army in Sicily launched a near-midnight attack against the Four Hills, at the beginning of August 1943. How his battalion waited for the crucial moment and then went into battle is told by Pte. J. O. Chaddock, of the Cameron Highlanders

ZERO was at 23.50 hours, and we lay in the darkness waiting for the barrage to open. Our positions lay in a ridge of hills. The next ridge was held by the enemy, the Hermann Goering Panzer Grenadiers—one of Hitler's crack divisions. There were also some Eyetyes of the Napoli (Naples) division. Between these two main ridges was a large valley through which ran a road and railway, and we held as far as the railway line.

We were badly overlooked—we had held the place a few days previously, and couldn't move out of our holes for any reason whatsoever. The slightest movement and down would come a concentration of six-inch mortars. The start line for the attack was 300 yards on our side of the road and railway. The barrage, a "rolling" one, was laid on for 23.50 hours, and was to come down on the road for ten minutes and then move forward, lifting 100 yards every five minutes.

Then, after the attack was successful and all objectives taken, a defensive barrage was to come down on the F.D.L.s (Forward Defence Localities) to pin down any possible counter-attacks. Our two forward companies were to clear the two ridges, then proceed down to the next road 1,600 yards beyond, clearing the ground and then back again, finally consolidating on our side of the ridge before first light.

IT was a dark night with no moon. We lay silent, looking at the stars and watching the faint outline of the road. Watch fingers crept round—quarter to twelve, five minutes to zero, one minute . . . suddenly the hills behind glowed as hundreds of guns thundered, ripping the silence to shreds. Then the whine of the shells and the whole length of the road, 300 yards in front, erupted in smoke and flame. Simultaneously our heavy machine-guns opened up, firing from both flanks to keep German heads down, although surely no human would have his head above ground in that terrible barrage.

We went forward as the barrage lifted. A Bofors light ack-ack gun was firing tracer shells up our axis of advance to help us keep direction in the dark and the fog of the shell smoke. The first part went off O.K., although we were mortared when crossing the road and railway. The two forward companies reached their objectives, but got shot up on the trip down to the road and back, where the Boche had his main positions on the reverse side of the ridge.

A favourite trick of these Huns was this: as the boys were approaching a Spandau nest, the Jerries would shout "Kamerad!" so putting some inexperienced lads off their guard; then would follow a vicious burst of tracer at point-blank range, and someone would be found with his insides blown through his back. When we found this was happening, very few prisoners were taken.

Perhaps one of the reasons I am still alive is because I learnt at El Alamein never to pass an empty trench without putting a few rounds in each of the dark corners. It's safe enough taking risks with the Eyetyes, although they are very treacherous sometimes; but usually they have all their kit packed up waiting only for the barrage to pass over them. As soon as they see bayonets gleaming in the moonlight, it is "caputo"! With Jerry, your safe plan is to shoot first and ask questions after—if you have any desire to go on living.

We Sailed From the Terror That Was Singapore

When the Japanese overran Singapore in the early weeks of 1942, Flying Officer William Furneaux, now of the Royal Australian Air Force, then of the Malayan Volunteer Air Force attached to the R.A.F., assisted at the evacuation of ground staff and stores. This account, which he has written specially for "The War Illustrated," tells of the sea journey from the ill-fated island and concludes the narrative he began in page 378.

AT about 7.30 on the morning of February 14, 1942, an aircraft appeared from the East. It flew at about 200 feet above and around our ship, and when we saw a red spot on the top side of the wing as it banked to turn we opened fire with a twin-barrelled Lewis gun we had rigged to a rail forward—our only armament! I don't know if we registered any hits, but the Jap pilot decided to fire also. He turned on the heat in no uncertain manner, which had us all scampering hot-foot for the hatches. It was a reconnaissance plane, and in due course his pals the bombers came to visit us—18 at a time. We saw three formations that day.

We were now in the Banka Strait, which became known as "Blitz Alley," and the channel in some places is so narrow that ships cannot zigzag to avoid attack. All ships escaping from Singapore to Java had to pass through this strait, and you can imagine what the score was. They were completely undefended and had no escort. Even when night came there was no respite, for submarines were busy. A ship about five miles ahead of us was sunk on the second night out. I was asleep in the rain on a hatch cover at the time, or rather trying to sleep, when suddenly, at about midnight, I heard a man's voice shouting for help.

WE dashed to the side, and although it was a dark night we saw someone hanging on to a piece of wreckage and being swept past us by the swift current. Lifebelts with flares attached were at once thrown overboard. The ship behind us, which had had her compass put out of action by a near miss earlier and which had been following us by visual means, suddenly loomed up out of the darkness, not knowing that we had slowed down, and slithered dangerously along our starboard side. It was just one darned thing after another.

All this time I, as ship's adjutant, was having my work cut out trying to make everyone as comfortable as possible, and providing food by commandeering private stocks brought aboard by some of the refugees—until I discovered, quite by accident, vast quantities of tinned meat and fruit in the lower hold forward. I also arrested a fifth columnist whom I found taking notes when a British destroyer came alongside just outside Batavia calling out through a megaphone which courses we were to take through the minefields into the port.

When we got into the harbour there were no less than a hundred and sixty ships of all sizes waiting for attention by the port authorities. We stood off for two days before we were allowed to come alongside. The Dutch harbour authorities handled the confusion very well, and in about a week they got rid of every ship, having received a warning that the port would be a trap for any vessel still there when the Japs had completely taken Sumatra, since the Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra, would be the only means of escape, the waters north of Java being now completely under the control of the enemy.

We established a headquarters in Batavia, and our people of the detached flights in Sumatra came drifting in one by one, some having experienced the Japanese paratroop attack on Palembang. Others had got to Padang on the west side of Sumatra and were picked up by British warships. Our C.O., Group Captain Nunn, was on a ship that was sunk in the Banka Strait, coming out of Singapore. About sixty nursing sisters from the Singapore General Hospital were on the same ship and most of these were killed when a bomb struck her. Also there were about twenty children, and these were loaded into the only lifeboat; when the bombers came back for a second run their bombs wiped out the youngsters and fell among the people struggling in the water. They had had to jump overboard because the ship had caught fire.

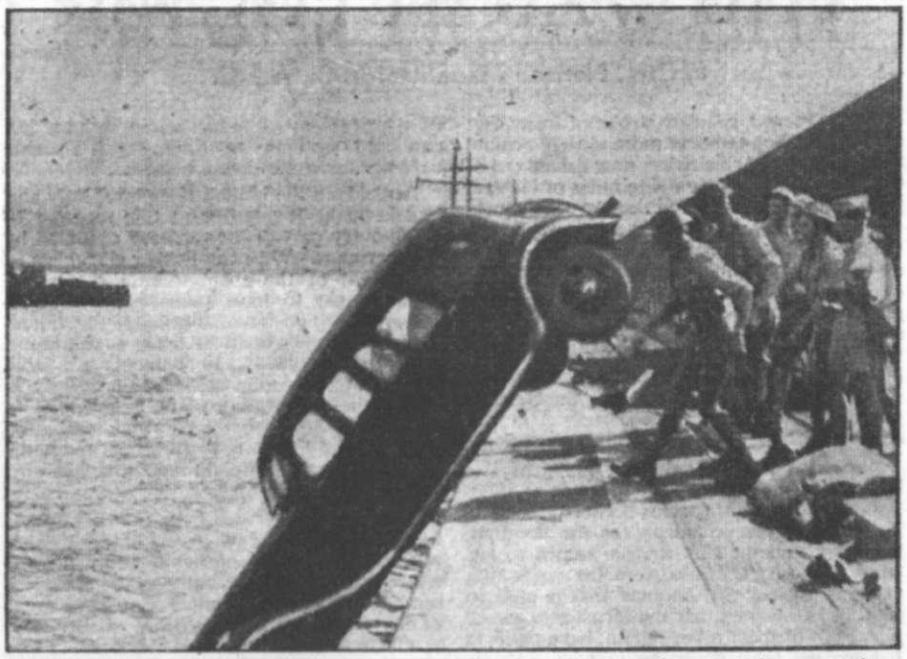
The survivors of this ghastly scene scrambled on to an island, where they spent an agonizing four days. Then they were

picked up by a Dutchman in a motor launch and taken to the Sumatra coast. You can well imagine the harrowing circumstances of those four days with so many terribly wounded people for whom there was neither morphia nor iodine. From the Sumatra coast they managed to struggle across to Padang, where they were picked up by a ship the name of which is not known, but which is known to have been sunk two days out of Padang bound for Colombo. There was one survivor, a Malay, who was rescued from a raft in mid-ocean.

When all our people had turned up in Batavia, or those we knew could turn up, we found we had only five aircraft left—out of the original forty-odd! There were rumours that we were to be re-equipped by the Dutch, who had a number of training Tiger Moths. But after a couple of weeks the Dutch Government ordered us to leave Java at once, as we were without aircraft and equipment and therefore of no operational value. Some of our men—two officers and three sergeant pilots—elected to stay behind to use the five remaining aircraft, and they are still there. They did very good work, and were the only means of communication the Dutch army had at the end.

The rest of us were entrained for a place called Tjilatjap, on the south coast of Java. We arrived there on the day the Java Sea battle began. It seemed to be the port for loading personnel of Air Force squadrons who had lost their aircraft, including British, Australian and American. The ship we were put on sailed with 2,200 men of assorted R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. personnel, and we certainly overcrowded it. The holds were chockful of men, right down to the bottom of the ship, and if we had been sunk there would have been little hope of rescue, for there were only four lifeboats. Three men died of fever, and we buried them at sea. Others were in bad condition, having made their way through the terrible Sumatran jungle for a week or more previously.

The trip to Colombo, where we finally fetched up, is one I shall not forget. Army biscuits and jam with tea once a day is not so bad. But sleeping on the hard deck with no pillow to prop one's head up cannot be reckoned as comfort, especially when it rains most nights. It was no reluctant farewell I bade to the ship at Colombo when at last we arrived there, and a little judicious interviewing secured me a passage to Australia on repatriation in a luxury troopship.



NEARING THE END IN SINGAPORE. Though the swiftness of the Japanese advance on the island of Singapore in the early days of February 1942 precluded the possibility of everything likely to be useful to them being destroyed, many scenes such as the above were witnessed : a British resident's car being jettisoned lest it fall into the invaders' hands. *Photo, Keystone*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

OCTOBER 27, Wednesday *1,516th day*

Italy.—Enemy shore batteries in Miturno area bombarded by U.S. ships.

Russian Front.—Red Army broke through German front S. of the Dnieper and advanced up to 18 miles.

General.—Exchange of Allied and German prisoners of war carried out at Barcelona.

OCTOBER 28, Thursday *1,517th day*

Italy.—Capture of Torella, Castelmauro, Mafalda, and Riardo announced. Gen. Giraud flew to Italy to inspect battle front.

Russian Front.—Russians continued pursuit of enemy in Lower Dnieper; Novo-Alexandrovka and Nizhnie Syerogozy captured; Surazh-Vitebski taken in Vitebsk area.

Australasia.—U.S. paratroops landed on Choiseul Is. (Solomons).

OCTOBER 29, Friday *1,518th day*

Italy.—Capture of Montefalcone announced. Savona iron and steel works, marshalling yards at Genoa, Imperia and Porte Maurizio, bombed by Fortresses.

Burma.—Myingyan and Akyab bombed by Wellingtons.

Australasia.—Vunakanau airfield (New Britain) bombed: 45 Japanese machines destroyed.

China.—Quongyan smelting plant and Kwangchow airfield raided by U.S. aircraft.

OCTOBER 30, Saturday *1,519th day*

Italy.—Genoa marshalling yards bombed by Liberators. Fall of Pietravairano and Mondragone announced.

Russian Front.—Genichesk and Shchovsk taken by storm by Russians.

Air.—Cherbourg docks raided by Typhoons and Whirlwind bombers. Kassel still burning after raid on October 22.

General.—President Roosevelt announced "tremendous success" chalked at Moscow Conference.

OCTOBER 31, Sunday *1,520th day*

Italy.—Enemy counter-attack from San Salvo on 8th Army bridgehead across River Trigno failed.

Russian Front.—Great air and tank battles raged at Krivoi Rog.

NOVEMBER 1, Monday *1,521st day*

Italy.—Taking of Frosolone, Cantalupo and Teano announced.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops sealed German Crimea escape route by capture of Perekop and Armiansk. Kairi Zapadnye, Lyubimovka on the Dnieper, Gromovka and stations south of Solkovo in Lower Dnieper, taken by Russians.

Australasia.—U.S. troops landed on Bougainville Island (Solomons).

General.—Details concerning decisions reached at Moscow Conference released: full agreement on measures to hasten defeat of Germany; European Advisory Commission to be set up in London; post-war collaboration between Britain, Russia, and China pledged; Austrian independence guaranteed; war criminals to be tried in the country wherein their "abominable crimes" were committed.

NOVEMBER 2, Tuesday *1,522nd day*

Italy.—Capture of Casanova in German Massico defence line announced.

Mediterranean.—Durazzo (Albania) bombarded from the sea.

Russian Front.—Kakhovka, on Dnieper above Kherson, captured by Red Army.

Australasia.—Rabaul (New Guinea) heavily raided; 94 000 tons of Japanese shipping sunk.

Air.—Wiener Neustadt Messerschmitt factory 25 miles south of Vienna attacked by American bombers.

NOVEMBER 3, Wednesday *1,523rd day*

Italy.—Fall of Pratella and Gallo announced. Castelpetroso captured by 8th Army. Enemy positions north of San Salvo bombarded by Royal Navy.

Russian Front.—Bolshoy Kopani and Chalbas captured by Soviet troops. Red Air Force bombed Dnieper crossings left to the Germans.

Air.—Heaviest bombing of Germany ever; 4,000 tons of bombs dropped in 24 hours. Over 1,000 U.S. aircraft attacked Wilhelmshaven and French airfields. Cascade raid on Düsseldorf at night; more than 2,000 tons of bombs dropped in 27 mins. Cologne raided.

NOVEMBER 4, Thursday *1,524th day*

Italy.—Isernia, central pivot of enemy positions, captured by 8th Army.

Russian Front.—Aleshki, 5 miles from Kherson, captured by Russians.

NOVEMBER 5, Friday *1,525th day*

Italy.—Vasto captured by 8th Army. Vatican City bombed by unidentified plane.

Burma.—Akyab raided.

Air.—Gelsenkirchen and Münster, capital of Westphalia, attacked by over 1,000 U.S. bombers and fighters.

General.—Cairo talks between Mr. Eden and Turkish Foreign Minister, M. Menemenioglu, began. President Roosevelt announced that British, U.S., and Chinese military leaders had successfully completed discussions in Chungking. French National Committee declared itself not bound by decisions reached concerning Germany to which France was not a party.

NOVEMBER 6, Saturday *1,526th day*

Italy.—Fall of Venafro to U.S. troops of 5th Army announced. British patrols across River Garigliano.

Russian Front.—Kiev third city of Russia and capital of the Ukraine, captured from the enemy. Vasilkov taken. 20 salvos of 324 Moscow guns fired in honour of Russia's greatest victory yet. Announced that Russian troops had established a bridgehead on the Kerch Peninsula.

Australasia.—Japanese fleet of 53 warships, transports and cargo vessels, heading for Rabaul (New Britain) attacked by hundreds of American aircraft. Japanese troops landed on American bridgehead at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville Is. (Solomons).

Sea.—Disclosed that Capt. C. P. Clarke, of Somerset, had been Director of Operations in the anti-U-boat war for two years.

General.—Announced that Mr. Churchill had appointed Lt.-Gen. A. Carton de Wiart to be his special representative with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Lt.-Gen. H. Lumsden with Gen. MacArthur.

NOVEMBER 7, Sunday *1,527th day*

Russian Front.—Fastov, 40 miles south-west of Kiev, taken by Russians.

Home Front.—Considerable casualties caused in London area when bombs demolished a dance-hall, wrecked a milk-bar, furniture shop and public house.

Air.—Duren, 25 miles south-west of Cologne, raided by Fortresses.

NOVEMBER Monday *1,528th day*

Italy.—Turin attacked by U.S. bombers. Capture of Carunchio, Casalbordino and Scerni announced. Revealed that Indian troops were in action.

Russian Front.—Makarov, Byshev, Obukhov, Gornostaypol and Privetz captured in rapid Russian advance westward from Kiev.

General.—Hitler addressed the Nazi Party in Munich; he said that the hour of retaliation would come and that Germany would never capitulate.

NOVEMBER 9, Tuesday *1,529th day*

Italy.—Capture of Torino and Paglieta by Gen. Montgomery's troops announced.

Russian Front.—Germans rolled back west of Kiev; Borodianka captured by Red Army.

Sea.—Announced that during Aug.-Oct. 60 U-boats destroyed, making total of over 150 in last six months; toll of U-boats destroyed exceeded losses of Allied merchant shipping.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

October 28. *Italians bombed Patras (Greece) in first day of Italo-Greek war.*

November 5. *H.M.S. Jervis Bay (Capt. Fogarty Fegen, V.C.), sunk whilst defending Atlantic convoy against enemy surface raider.*

1941

October 28. *Germans reached Volokolamsk, 75 miles north-west of Moscow, in drive eastwards.*

November 2. *Simferopol, capital of the Crimea, captured by Germans.*

1942

October 31. *Advanced Australians troops established positions behind Germans at El Alamein.*

November 2. *Kokoda (New Guinea) recaptured from strong Japanese forces.*

November 4. *Great victory won by 8th Army in Egypt. Axis retreat westwards began.*

November 8. *U.S. and British troops under Gen. Eisenhower invaded French North Africa: Algiers captured.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

It may seem a peculiar stroke of irony that as the ring tightens more closely around the Nazi war machine, now driven out of Kiev, and within forty flying miles of Odessa, with the British and American armies slowly but persistently progressing north-westwards up the Italian peninsula, the development for operational purposes of larger and longer-range aircraft is almost within reach. The situation is almost akin to that in the last war, when the four-engined Handley Page bombers were produced and stood all ready to bomb Berlin when the Armistice intervened and the intended raid upon the German capital was never performed.

Apart from a few bombs dropped by the Polish Air Force in September 1939, the first bombs fell on Berlin in the summer of 1940. Twenty-two years passed between the first British readiness squadron for the bombing of Berlin and the first British bombs to fall upon that city. Those were the years that (I think it was) Sir Thomas Inskip used to refer to as the years that the locust had eaten. I hope we shall never again have such a large plague of locusts descend upon Britain.

By next spring, when the new Boeing B-29 super-heavy bomber (whose advent, it is said, will push the present Fortress back into the class of the medium bombers) is expected to be in action, it is reasonable to expect that the amount of "lebensraum" left to the "herrenvolk" will have shrunk still further. What part in such a reduced mileage war will such super-heavy bombers play?

With every bomber there is a limit to the load of bombs it will carry. For two reasons. One reason is that there is a maximum weight of bombs which can be lifted; it varies in relation to the amount of weight carried in the form of petrol and oil. The second reason is that there is a maximum cubic space load which a bomber can carry. Either reason may limit the maximum bomb load.

There is, therefore, a definite maximum performance characteristic for any heavy bomber, at which the maximum possible bomb load is transported for the maximum possible distance. Any reduction in distance cannot in these circumstances produce a bigger bomb load figure, for the simple reason that the bomb bays are all full and no more stowage is available. Any extremely heavy bomber is designed to fly for considerable distances, and must therefore carry fairly large-size petrol tanks. To take off with only partly filled tanks can aid the solution of the problem of reduction in weight, but can add nothing to the aircraft's cubic capacity for transporting bombs.

Airfields in the United Kingdom, Italy and Russia make it possible at this moment to reach every part of the territory occupied by the Germans. With the further shrinkage in the extent of the enemy-occupied territory which ought to have taken place by next spring it should become possible for almost every bomber flight to be made at full bomb capacity even with the bombers we now possess. (It has sometimes been necessary to reduce the maximum possible bomb load to about half load to enable the total fuel required for the journey to be carried without exceeding safe weight limits for take-off.)

What, then, of the new super-bombers which will operate with their full permissible bomb loads at ranges in excess of those which presumably will be required for action against European targets? What purpose will they serve? We must remember that some areas of the war are still of immense extent. The war at sea covers vast areas of ocean. The distance from the nearest base in Australia to the nearest base in Burma is greater than the distance across the North Atlantic ocean.

Roosevelt's Promise that Japan Shall Be Bombed

To attack a target from either of these bases involves a flight the equivalent of a trans-Atlantic crossing, if the target lies somewhere in the zone midway between Burma and Australia. Undoubtedly, the largest possible bombers will be invaluable in such an area, for a relatively small number of aircraft will be able to produce a proportionately greater amount of damage by each attack. The reduction in the number of aircraft will make it possible to effect surprise attacks in such circumstances with greater ease, in spite of increased size of the individual aircraft.

Then, again, there is the promise made by President Roosevelt that Japan proper shall be bombed. But our nearest base to Japan in the territory reconquered in New Guinea still lies some 3,000 miles away from Tokyo, and a lot more reconquering lies ahead before we can hope to do to Japanese industry in Japan what we have done to German industry in Germany. Meanwhile, Japan has time and opportunity to strengthen her defences against air attack—although there is every indication that the greatest strength lies in dispersion, and where can the Japanese disperse within Japan proper?

THIS WAS AN ME 410. Shot down by A.A. fire during a raid on this country on October 31, 1943, all that was recognizable of the enemy machine was part of one of the airscrews, here being examined by a soldier.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

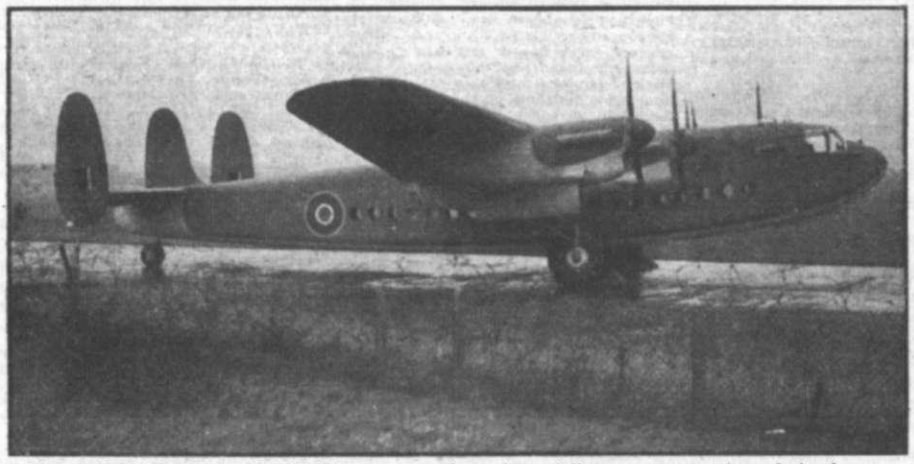
The nearest points to Japan proper which still lie in the hands of the United Nations are on the mainland of China. The distances are great, greater than any which have been required to be flown against Germany during any period of the war. They will involve round flights of at least 3,600 miles as things stand today, and there is no certainty that these distances will be much altered between now and next spring.

Here, then, is an outlet for the operations of super-long-range heavy bombers. And it seems to me that we cannot get them into that particular war zone too soon. At present General MacArthur's forces fighting gallantly under the awful conditions prevailing in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands—no one who has not lived in the tropics can properly understand what fighting in these areas means—are fighting with only tactical air support; for even the excellently executed raids upon Japanese naval and merchant shipping, and upon Japanese naval and military bases, are in reality tactical attacks.

The conditions, too, that the troops there will have to face will continue to be tough until we can get a bombing offensive under way against Japanese industry in Japan proper. It is that undermining of the German effort in Germany which has so seriously crippled the German effort on the war fronts; and it will be the undermining of the Japanese in a similar way which will bring about their more rapid collapse on the fighting fronts.

So get a hustle on with the big bombers, the only types of aircraft which can hit Japan proper! Do not imagine it can be done by aircraft carriers. The carrier that took Doolittle's Mitchells to bomb Japan was supposed to carry the aircraft to a point four hundred miles from Nippon for them to nip off from. But a sudden hint of a Jap fleet in the offing caused the aircraft to be launched when eight hundred miles away. That was why so many did not get through to Chiang Kai-shek's China, and a safe landing.

The solution of the breaking down of Jap resistance in the Far East with a reasonable casualty list for our men lies in the introduction of bigger bombers into that war zone at the earliest possible moment. The early duellists used to say: "Gentlemen, choose your weapons." That is what we should say to ourselves today. Upon our choice depends in great measure which side has to suffer most of the killing. In the Far East we must choose big bombers. No other weapon is strategically so important against Japan.



THE AVRO YORK, new British 50-passenger plane, is a civil transport version of the famous Lancaster bomber. The York's wing-span is 102 feet, its overall length 78 feet. Powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin liquid-cooled engines, main external differences between the York and the Lancaster are shape of fuselage and the introduction of a triple tail-unit in the civil plane.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Water Turns to Steam as 'Illustrious' Blazes

BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ILLUSTRIOUS was hit in a heavy dive-bombing attack while escorting a convoy west of Malta on January 10, 1941. In this photograph—reproduced from Fleet Air Arm (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 6d.)—her flight-deck is seen pierced by bombs. Stores, stowed in the roof of the hangar below, are ablaze. Smoke pours through the jagged edges of a bomb hole, and the nearly red-hot deck turns the hose-water into steam. Fire-fighting continuously, the Illustrious reached harbour at Malta six hours later.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Sanctuary in Sweden From Quisling's Terror

ACROSS THE FRONTIER formed by the rugged Kjolen range of mountains, thousands of Norwegian patriots have escaped to sanctuary in hospitable Sweden from Quisling, Norway's Nazi-maintained ruler, and his Gestapo.

Once over the frontier they are welcomed by their fellow Scandinavians, the Swedes, but before they are allowed to take part in Sweden's economic and social life, they must spend several days under supervision in a camp at Kjesater Manor.

Greeted on arrival (1), a Norwegian refugee's first job is to hand over his identity papers (2); Nazi spies are soon detected. Everyone gets a number and is allotted room (3) in one of the huts, each of which is named (4) to commemorate some great event in Norwegian history. Meals reminiscent of old days at home are provided (5), and for the first time in years the patriot can openly honour his national flag (6). Work of the Kjesater camp is financed by the Norwegian Government in London, which spends in Sweden nearly 1,000,000 kroner a month.

Editor's Postscript

A LOT of amusement has been caused among British and American troops and war correspondents in Naples by a phrase-book for their use rushed out by an enterprising publisher. It has, like almost all the phrase-books I have ever seen, a curiously out-of-date air. I have often wondered why someone does not do in this line what Baedeker did so well in the guide-book business—produce something really good, and revise it every few years. I picked up one not so very long ago in Rumania which made the visitor to Bucharest inquire of his hotel-keeper, "At what time do you keep your ordinary?" and told how to ask for a boot-jack, and for a nightcap to wear in bed. Another, compiled by a Frenchman, evidently a fault-finder, as Frenchmen are apt to be when they leave their own country, complained of everything. At dinner the traveller is expected to have occasion for the phrases:

"This soup is cold."
"This plate is not clean."
"This knife does not cut well."
"This fish stinks."

When you ask your way to, let us say, the cathedral, you want an answer such as "Second on the left," or "Straight on." This book makes the person whom you have addressed say, "It is not far from here, sir or madam, but will you not take a slightly circuitous route and pass some of the principal shops? I am going in that direction myself and, if agreeable, I will accompany you." Again, the book made the user of it go into the bootmaker's shop and ask fatuously, "Have you any boots?"

THE latest kind of queue I have seen is formed by people taking boots and shoes to be mended. Inside the shop the cobbler had in front of him a rampart of footwear waiting to be attended to, which almost hid him from view. He was telling everybody, "Must be several weeks, I'm afraid, before I can hope to let you have them." He said it so apologetically and with so genial a smile that nobody seemed to mind. I have been told of a queue lined up to hand betting slips to a street bookmaker, but that I did not actually see. The latest war-time ramp I have heard of is the selling of Christmas cards sent last year as if they were new. You will no doubt have noticed that these cards usually have a doubled sheet of paper inside thin board covers; in this sheet is the greeting and the name of the sender. The dodge is to remove it and print some words on this board itself. Then you ask sixpence for a secondhand card.

POPPY Day has come and gone again. Although they were "austerity" or "utility" poppies, they sold as briskly as ever. Nobody could be seen without one, and the fact that the stalks were of cardboard instead of wire didn't matter in the least. If it were not that certain charities benefit by the observance of this anniversary, it would be better to drop it. The Armistice Day celebration has been washed out, and will never be reinstated. There may be another Armistice to commemorate, but the old Eleventh of November one will live only in the recollection of those who took part in its wild rejoicing. I doubt whether the excitement will be so great when this war ends. We know too well, as we did not know in 1918, what "the blessings of peace" are liable to be. I heard a thoughtful newspaper editor (they aren't all, you know!) say the other day that he would not be surprised if a Day of Prayer for the continuation of the war were to be ordered, seeing how much more difficult life would be when peace comes. Absurd exaggeration? Yes, of course. But there is a germ of reality in the suggestion that we ought to bear in mind and think over.

SURPRISING the flare-up on the island of Cos. You wouldn't think it could be of much value to either side. Perhaps Goebbels fancied he could offset the disastrous defeats suffered by the German forces in Russia by playing up in Germany a "great victory" over a few hundred British troops in the Aegean. Cos is one of the Grecian isles—"Lily on lily that o'erlace the sea," as Browning described them. Very lovely they look as you steam through them. Their rocky coasts and hills glitter in the sun and glow in the sunset. For all their rockiness they have fertile patches. Cos produces fine grapes, figs, olives, melons, and other crops, including that of the Cos lettuce, which every British gardener and allotment cultivator knows so well and which takes its name from the island. The inhabitants are Greeks, Turks, and Cretans; rather more of them follow Islam than Christ. The chief "sight," I am told (I never landed there myself, though steamers can anchor in the roadstead), is a sanctuary dating back to B.C. and connected with the physician Asclepius (or Aesculapius). Another medical authority whose name is associated with Cos is Hippocrates. A huge plane tree in the market-place of the town is said to have been planted by him. Anyway, it has been there a long time, for it measures thirty feet in circumference.

Actg. Maj.-Gen. R. E. LAYCOCK, D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), who—it was announced on October 23, 1943—succeeds Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as Chief of Combined Operations. Aged 36, he has seen Commando service in Cyrenaica and Crete, and he took part in the sortie on Rommel's Libyan H.Q. in 1941, from which only he and a sergeant returned. His D.S.O. was awarded for gallant and distinguished services in Sicily.
Photo, Associated Press

WHILE women are generally thought to devote rather too much time to clothes, men are supposed to be loftily superior to fussiness about what they wear. Yet many men are not less fussy than women. Some still resent not having their trousers made with turn-ups, which is, of course, now against the regulations. Others say they cannot do without any of the pockets they have been used to. These should number ten in all, say the tailors. Two trousers pockets at the sides, one at the back. Five in the jacket—breast inside, handkerchief, sides and ticket. Two in waistcoat. Formerly there were four in waistcoats and frequently two at the back of trousers, which made thirteen. But the legal maximum is now eight—three in jacket, two in waistcoat and three in trousers. Yet women manage without any pockets at all. They carry bags, it is true, and thus make it easier to lose their purses, cigarette cases, and what not. But these bags have gone up tremendously in price. Five or six pounds must be paid now for a leather one of any lasting quality. So women's pockets may come in again. But they certainly won't want ten! Men do not really need that number, but they can't bear changing their habits. Not all, of course, but a good many.

I HAVE not seen any naval officer wearing the naval battle-dress which has been approved by the Admiralty, after much shaking of heads. It will not, I understand, be worn much on shore, except in dockyards and naval bases. Even at sea its use is optional. No officer need be seen in it unless he prefers it to his "monkey jacket," or receives an order to put it on. Most officers will, I imagine, prefer it when there is dirty work (dirty in the physical, not the moral, sense) to be done. The men have a suit for such occasions; it is known as "Number 9's." Naval battle-dress must not be worn on leave, which indicates that the authorities do not think it adds to the dignity or pleasing appearance of a man. It is made like the military battle-dress, but in navy-blue material. Not more than half a century has passed since naval officers and men began to wear regular uniforms. Before that they wore pretty much what they could get hold of, if they were poor; or what they fancied, if they were well off. Army officers, too, could please themselves as to their costume—in the higher grades. Only after the Napoleonic wars did "sealed patterns" of uniforms for both Army and Navy come into force.

A PRIVATE soldier wants to know why Army cooks have so much of their time taken up by parades, kit inspections and other spit-and-polish duties instead of being allowed to devote themselves to making the soldier's food appetizing. Often, avers complainant, soggy messes are served which are not fit to eat. He contrasts this with the meals that American soldiers get, "good enough for Presidents or Premiers," and attributes the difference to their cooks being "given a free hand." By that I suppose he means being treated as cooks rather than as soldiers.

Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who have difficulty in obtaining regular copies are advised to place an order with their newsagent immediately.

Return of a Hero to the Land He Served

OVERJOYED TO BE HOME AGAIN, and delighted at the warm welcome he received, is this Tommy, stepping ashore at Liverpool on October 26, 1943. He was one of the 764 who sailed in the Atlantis from Gothenburg, where the Swedish Red Cross supervised the first exchange of wounded prisoners-of-war between Germany and the Allies. See also pages 359 and 399-402.
Photo, Planet News

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